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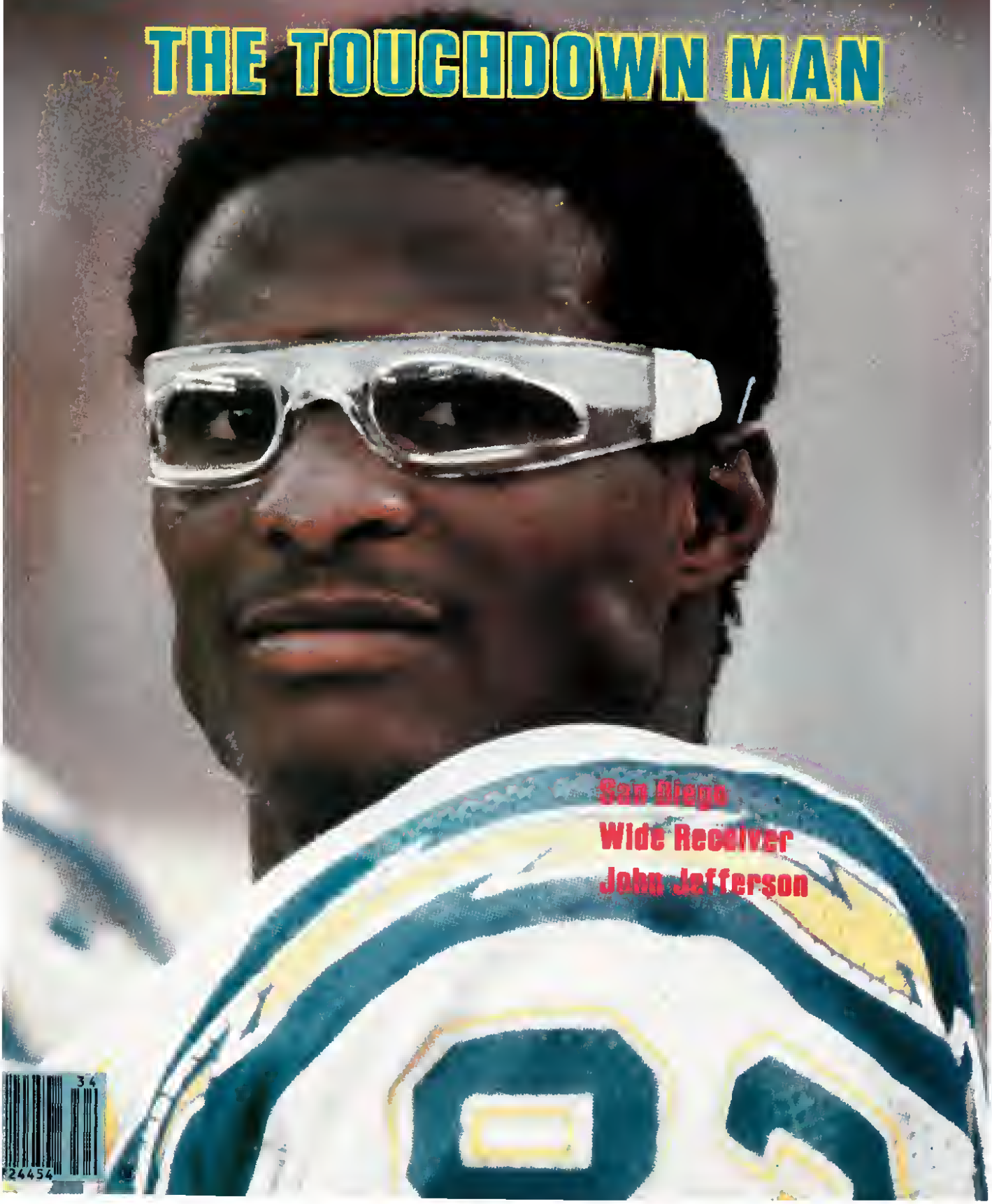

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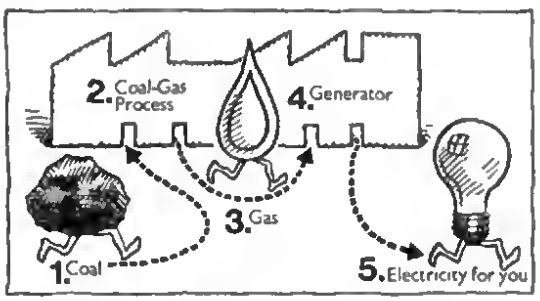


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# CONTENTS

**AUGUST 20, 1979** *Volume 51, No. 8*

*Cover photograph by Richard Mackson*

**Kong Is King** 8

*Chicago slugger Dave Kingman is a one-man destruction gang when he starts propelling homers out of Wrigley Field* by Bruce Newman

**Supercharger Is Ready to Blast** 14

*As the San Diego aerial circus revs up, top scorer John Jefferson expects to shine even brighter with Kellen Winslow on hand* by Barry McDermott

**Odd Men Out** 16

*Veteran umpires have been making life miserable for the rookies who walked across their picket lines last spring* by E. M. Swift

**The First Step Is the Hardest** 22

*Launched from a 2,000-foot cliff in Utah, hang gliders soar against a background of stone towers and clear desert sky* by Nora Gallagher

**The Golden Moment** 60

*It's been seven years since a drug controversy cost Rick DeMont his Olympic gold medal, but now he's in the swim again* by Jerry Kirshenbaum

*The Departments*

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Scorecard | 5 | Baseball | 49 | For the Record | 75 |
| TV/Radio | 28 | Motor Sports | 56 | 19th Hole | 76 |

*Credits on page 75*

*Next Week*

*HOBBLED BY AGE they're not, so some of baseball's most venerable stars are still at the top of their games. Ron Fimrite takes the pulse of record setters like Lou Brock, Carl Yastrzemski and Gaylord Perry and finds them kicking up their heels.*

*GOBBLED BY FISH, trod on by man, the lowly nightcrawler has nonetheless managed to survive, yea, thrive. Bil Gilbert discourses on the life-style of this fascinating creature, and on Ray Edwards, an enthusiastic admirer—and hunter—of fishbait.*

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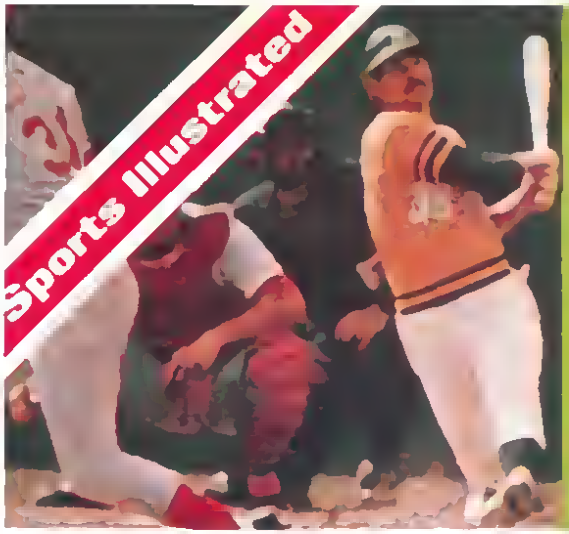


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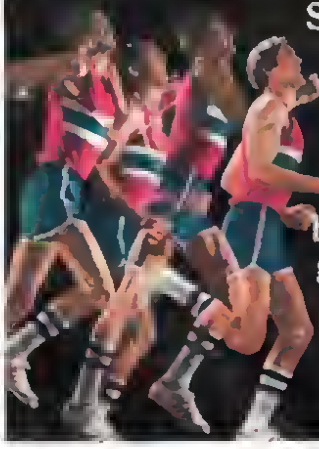

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# SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

**MARCHING TO PRETORIA**

Bob Arum has been telling people that the World Boxing Association heavyweight championship he is promoting in South Africa Oct. 20 will deal a severe blow to that country's apartheid policies. The fight between black American John Tate and white South African Gerrie Coetzee will be held in Pretoria's Loftus Versveld Stadium, an 88,000-seat facility normally used for rugby. Few nonwhites attend rugby matches there, but those who do are required to use separate restrooms and to sit in a segregated section. The South African government has agreed to suspend racial distinctions for the fight, and Arum has predicted that the event will practically wipe out apartheid in South African sport all by itself.

The Reverend Jesse Jackson, the American black leader, disagrees. During a recent 17-day visit to South Africa, Jackson credited international sports boycotts against South Africa with having helped create "psychological and emotional cracks" in apartheid. Dismissing the integration of Loftus Versveld Stadium for the Tate-Coetzee fight as a propaganda gimmick designed to project an image of racial harmony, Jackson vowed on his return to the U.S. to try to force cancellation of the fight.

To spare Tate from being pressured by Jackson and his supporters, Arum whisked the fighter to South Africa two weeks ago and set him up in a training camp—a ranch-style house in a Johannesburg suburb with a boxing ring built on a tennis court. But when Sport Minister Punt Janson told reporters last week that South Africa had no plans to end apartheid in sports, Arum erupted. He declared that he had been duped by the South African government and that "Jesse Jackson is right and I was wrong." He added, "We disassociate ourselves completely from this racist government policy. To hell with this —— sports policy." But Arum said the fight would go on, and after a hastily arranged meeting with Janson, he said that he had been misquoted and that he had now been assured that Loftus Versveld Stadium would be permanently integrated. The Northern Transvaal Rugby Union thereupon voted to implement just such a change, subject to final approval by the Pretoria City Council, which exercises control over the stadium.

But what of Arum's expectation that apartheid in sports would disappear generally? After his meeting with the American promoter, Janson said that the government supported "open admission" for spectators and "equal opportunities for all athletes." But he also said that the government recognizes "the autonomy" of sports organizations and stadium owners in deciding racial policies. He seemed to be suggesting that the same government that could suspend all restrictions for the fight was utterly powerless to do much beyond that.

There the situation rests. If Loftus Versveld Stadium is permanently integrated as a result of the fight, Arum will be able to claim at least one breakthrough. But that alone would not conclusively refute Jackson's argument that sports boycotts of South Africa are a valuable tool for combating apartheid.

**DISCLAIMER**

The first annual C. William Brownfield Award, named in memory of the man who wrote the International Jaycee Creed, was presented Sunday afternoon at the National Football Foundation's College Football Hall of Fame in Kings Island, Ohio. The Hall of Fame took pains to point out that it was not conferring the award; the Ohio Jaycees Foundation and the Robert F. Kennedy Scholarship Fund, bestowers of the honor, were merely being allowed to use the building. Although the Hall of Fame doesn't ordinarily mind inviting controversy, witness its refusal to induct Jimmy Brown and Joe Namath for moral reasons and Paul Robeson for political ones, it clearly wanted to dissociate itself from this particular award, which was given for "outstanding contribution to character building in America through college football." The recipient: Woody Hayes

**THE GREAT KEWPIE DOLL CAPER**

It has been a long time coming, but someone may have finally beaten a carnival-midway operator at his own game. The clever fellow is Detective Sergeant Don Patterson, who was assigned to keep things honest at the recent Frontier Days festivities in Cheyenne, Colo. Patterson heard reports of tricky doings at the ring-toss and bottle games, so he assigned another detective and his wife to pose as

hayseeds. After watching the action for a time, Patterson moved in.

Sure enough, says Patterson, "In the ring-toss game, the rings were too small for the pegs." In the bottle game, he says, "Two of the three bottles were weighted with lead, making them virtually impossible to knock over with a thrown ball." Patterson climbed inside the bottle-game booth, and, standing practically on top of the bottles, threw balls at them. He still couldn't knock them over. And here comes the clincher: "You try it," he told the carny crew. They couldn't do it, either. Five people were charged with obtaining money under false pretenses. All pleaded guilty and each was fined $100 plus $10 court costs.

**THE MAN WHO WON THE WEST**

Walter O'Malley, who died last week at 75, may have been the shrewdest owner baseball ever had, but he was not the most popular, largely a result of his decision to move the Brooklyn Dodgers to

*continued*

Los Angeles in 1958. O'Malley transplanted a colorful club that had been successful on the field and at the gate, and Brooklyn fans never forgave him. But Ebbets Field's loss was the West's gain. Until O'Malley moved—and persuaded Horace Stoneham and the New York Giants to go to California with him—there was no major league team west of Kansas City; today there are eight.

O'Malley was a step ahead of the parade. He knew how to sell his product, and he made the Los Angeles Dodgers a model franchise. He built Dodger Stadium, an immaculate showplace with fine vistas, good parking and courteous ushers. And despite the reputation for avarice that the westward move gave him, his club held the line on ticket prices for 18 years; though prices finally were raised two years ago, the Dodgers' scale—$1 to $4.50—is still the lowest in baseball. And O'Malley gave Los Angeles fans their money's worth. The Dodgers have won seven National League pennants and three world championships on the West Coast. No wonder they've drawn fans in droves; last season they became the first team to surpass three million in attendance.

O'Malley dominated the inner councils of baseball, and it was probably a good thing that he did. Most owners treat their teams as toys, or as investments that fit in nicely with their tax setups. But baseball was O'Malley's only business and he worked like hell at it. The Dodger boss was also an avid poker player and orchid grower. In addition, he had the rare ability to enjoy golf without taking it all that seriously. He built two golf courses at the Dodgers' spring training compound in Vero Beach, Fla. and one day, on a whim, he played a round polo-style, swinging at the ball while riding in a golf cart. One of the courses included an almost unheard-of par-6 hole. "I wanted a par 6, and since it's my course and my money, I had the thing built," O'Malley said. "Oh, it drives people crazy. They say, 'What idiot built this thing?' I just laugh."

#### RAVING REVIEW

Muhammad Ali saw *Rocky II* at a private screening in Los Angeles the other day, and Roger Ebert, the *Chicago Sun-Times*' movie critic, was there to record his reactions. When Sylvester Stallone, playing Rocky Balboa, was shown chasing chickens as a way of improving his footwork, Ali said, "You don't see chickens at training camps anymore, except on the table." At the sight of Rocky lifting weights, Ali recoiled in horror. "The worst thing a boxer can do," he said. "It tightens the muscles." Nor was the ex-champion particularly impressed by Stallone's overall impersonation of a prizefighter. "A real boxer can see Stallone's not a boxer," he scoffed. "He's not professional, doesn't have the moves."

Ali also found fault with Rocky's trainer, Mickey, played by Burgess Meredith. When Mickey suddenly decided to have Rocky lead with his right instead of his left, Ali protested that such a fundamental change in style can't be brought about so quickly. He also complained about the fact that Mickey frequently had to urge Rocky to jab ("If you don't want to jab, what are you doing being a fighter?") and that the trainer spent so much time during the movie screaming at his man ("Shouting at the fighter like that makes him look like an animal, like a horse to be trained"). And during the fight, when Rocky's eyes become badly swollen, Ali said, "In a real fight they would never allow the eyes to be closed that much and let the fight keep going. They would stop it."

So Muhammad Ali hated *Rocky II*—right? Wrong. When the lights went on, he gushed, "A great movie, a big hit. It had all the ingredients: love, violence, emotion." The movie also had a moment during which Apollo Creed, a character unabashedly based on Ali, taunted Rocky by saying, "I'll destroy you! I am the master of disaster." Watching that particular scene, Ali said wistfully, " 'Master of disaster.' I like that. I wish I'd thought of that."

#### THE WOOING OF JOHNNY HECTOR

Considered one of the best high school running backs ever to play in Louisiana, Johnny Hector was coveted by Notre Dame, Ohio State and a host of other college football powers. He was coveted too intensely, it seems, in at least one instance. In trying to "help" Hector make up his mind, a would-be recruiter apparently sought to exploit troubles that Hector's older brother, William, has had with the law.

William pleaded guilty to negligent homicide last year after a shooting in a bar in New Iberia, La. and was sentenced to three years in prison. Johnny meanwhile was doing wondrous things on the gridiron and coming under tremendous pressure to attend LSU. And, indeed, last December he agreed to go to that school.

But new circumstances soon arose. On Feb. 5 William was paroled from prison, partly because he was able to tell the parole board that he had a job waiting for him—with a business owned by a Texas A&M alum. Whether by coincidence or not, Johnny was now leaning toward playing for the Aggies. On Feb. 26 a man called William's parole officer, identified himself and asked for William's phone number. He was given the number. William says that later that same day he received an anonymous call from a man who told him that unless Johnny stuck to his decision to attend LSU, "you stand a chance of going back to prison." Despite that threat, the next day Johnny signed a national letter of intent with Texas A&M.

The Louisiana Department of Corrections says it knows the identity of the man who requested William's phone number, but that it cannot prove he is the same one who threatened William. LSU pronounces itself "satisfied" that the man who threatened William has no official connection with the school.

Johnny's case has come under the scrutiny of the NCAA, which, as it happens, had sent a staff member to visit him in May as part of "Operation Intercept." That is a new program designed to monitor the recruiting of top athletes for irregularities, which used to mean only under-the-table payments and the like. Hector's case suggests that recruiting can be even more devious than that.

#### THEY SAID IT

• Mickey Rivers, Texas Ranger outfielder, on hearing ex-New York Yankee teammate Reggie Jackson brag about having an IQ of 160. "Out of what? A thousand?"

• George Chuvalo, 41, who was stripped of the Canadian heavyweight championship he held for 21 years after a dispute with that country's boxing officials: "I am the best heavyweight fighter in Canada and I'll be the best until I'm dead seven years."

• Walt Frazier, recalling his trade two years ago from the New York Knickerbockers to the Cleveland Cavaliers: "The people who were sorriest were my tailor, my furrier and my shoemaker." **END**

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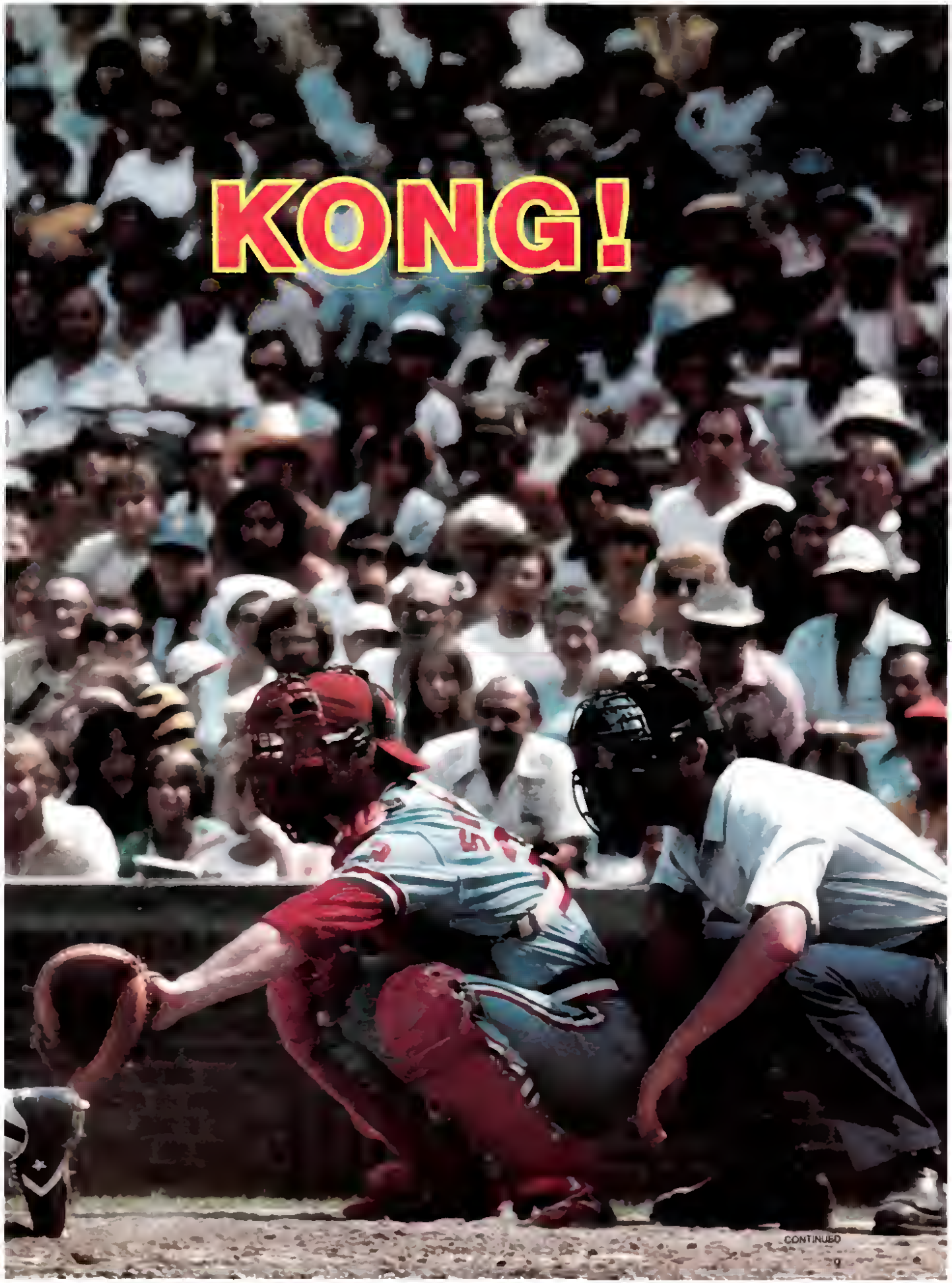

KONG!
CONTINUED

*Chicago slugger Dave Kingman is a one-men destruction gang, launching window-smashing homers out of Wrigley Field* **by BRUCE NEWMAN**

Before *he* came along, the buildings facing Wrigley Field on Waveland Avenue had been nice places to live in. Pleasant and safe. People came and went as they pleased on hot summer afternoons, sometimes sitting on the roof in deck chairs watching their beloved Chicago Cubs take another licking. Then, in 1978, Dave (Kong) Kingman joined the team and began using the buildings for target practice. He initiated his own urban-renewal project by trying to knock them down. And—hoom! BOOM! BOOM!—there went the neighborhood.

The houses lining Waveland Avenue have become pillboxes in which families sit trembling in their cellars as Kingman bombards their facades. Last week there was a nervous quiet on Wrigley Field's northern front as Kingman took his act on the road to St. Louis. Nobody outside Busch Stadium had to dive for cover when Kingman hit two home runs in a doubleheader on Friday against the Cardinals; the place is just too big, even for a long-ball buster like Kong. Those blasts tied him with Philadelphia's Mike Schmidt for the major league lead at 39—career highs for the two sluggers, who are taking dead aim at Hack Wilson's National League record of 56 homers in a single season.

Kingman, a rangy 6′ 6″ righthander, has struck 67 home runs since signing with the Cubs last season. Thirty-six have been hit at Wrigley Field, where the ball carries like a rocket and where the bleachers beyond the leftfield power alley are only 368 feet from home plate. But it is not merely the number of Kingman's home runs that makes him such a prodigious batsman. It is the awesome

*Over the years the Bleacher Bums in leftfield have learned to expect many a mighty blast, but nobody kongs them like Kingman, who already has 39 homers*

length, the astonishing trajectory of his missiles. Diane and David Reyes, a sister and brother who reside on Waveland, roughly 500 feet from the batter's box, have lost three of their windows to Kingman home runs. The Reyeses now have screens on their living room windows to prevent Rawlingses from whistling through their quarters.

"The Cubs pay for the broken windows," says Diane Reyes, "but they take the balls back. It would be nice to have something to remember Kingman by besides a pile of busted glass."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MANNY MILLAN

It will not comfort the Reyeses and their neighbors to know that Kingman believes "You don't have to hit it good at Wrigley Field to hit it out." And yet, "hit it good" is usually what Kong does. There are other hitters in the major leagues—notably George Foster of Cincinnati, Schmidt and Greg Luzinski of the Phillies and Jim Rice of Boston—who can occasionally give the ball a ride the way Kingman does. But no one else does it as consistently. "I thought Luzinski was extremely strong," says Cub Second Baseman Ted Sizemore, who played with the Bull in Philadelphia, "but Kingman is stronger. Every time he hits a homer it's a long one."

Met Catcher John Stearns, Kingman's former teammate in New York, adds, "Foster and Schmidt can hit a lot of home runs, but powerwise Dave is in a class by himself. I've seen him hit balls out one-handed that most guys couldn't hit at all. He can get fooled on a pitch and still hit it out of the park. He's frightening." Kingman has hit two balls out of Wrigley Field that carried an estimated 600 feet on the fly. That's frightening.

This season Kingman has been averaging a home run every 10 turns at bat and has twice hit three in one game. He has reduced his once abysmal strikeout ratio encouragingly, a factor that has also contributed to his home-run production. Kingman's bat control has been so good, in fact, that he has hit 12 of his 39 homers with two strikes against him. This is also an important reason why he is batting .296, 64 points higher than his career average.

"He used to just whale at the ball," says St. Louis Catcher Ted Simmons, "but he doesn't seem to be doing that anymore." He certainly wasn't doing it recently when he came to the plate with two men on in the fourth inning to face Cardinal Pitcher John Denny. The righthander tried to keep the ball off the plate and fell behind in the count, 3 and 1. Kingman backed away for a moment to let Denny consider his predicament, then stepped back in and planted his feet nearly the full width of the batter's box. Until this season Kingman stood with his feet closer together, causing him to overstride when he swung. Often he was so out of control that he looked pathetic when a pitch fooled him badly. Even though he fell down a lot, Kingman was never a pleasant sight from out on the mound. "With his height," says Bruce Sutter, the Cubs' ace reliever, "when he strides he looks like he's stepping on you."

Kingman's willingness to change his stance is a reflection of his new maturity. "After eight years of experimenting with stances and talking to a lot of hitting coaches," he said on TV the other day, "I'm finally putting it all together. I guess the key was learning about myself, learning what type of pitches I can handle and what type I can't. Now I go to the plate looking for pitches I know I can hit, and I'm waiting on the ball better than I ever have."

As Denny looked in for his sign, Kingman drew his 36-ounce bat upright and dipped his left shoulder. The ball came toward the plate rotating fast—indicating a curveball—and it quickly dropped from eye level toward Kingman's left foot. "When I'm in the batter's box," he says,

*continued*

*After connecting, Dave does his home-run trot*

"I don't think about anything else except seeing the location of the ball. Most of the time I don't even know what kind of pitch I'm hitting."

In this instance it was a pitch too low to be a strike but one well within the reach of Kingman's long, powerful arms. "I would have liked the pitch better if it had been farther out over the plate," Simmons said later, "but it was down out of the strike zone where he shouldn't have been able to do much with it. The ball never hung at all. If it had hung he would have hit it over the roof of one of those buildings on Waveland Avenue. He just reached down and golfed it out of the park."

When the ball leaped off Kingman's bat, the 30,224 fans gave voice to hosannahs, a cry that has become the most exciting sound in baseball. Hit too high in the air to threaten the Reyeses', the ball landed in the leftfield stands, where one of Wrigley's bare-chested Bleacher Bums hauled it in. Because Kingman is the Cubs' regular leftfielder, he has become the favorite of this self-consciously motley crew, and the Bums await his projectiles with a particular pride. After all, these are the very seats into which Hack Wilson, Ernie Banks and Ron Santo deposited so many of their homers. There is a tradition to uphold and Kingman is keeping it raised on high.

The secret of Kingman's power is not brute strength, but rather a lightning-quick swing with a natural home-run uppercut that is remarkable for its compactness. "Dave is not a muscle hitter," says Stearns. "His bat is so quick that he doesn't hit to the opposite field the way Reggie Jackson does. He's the only guy in the league who can pull a ball that's off the plate away from him for a home run."

Kingman's psyche has proved to be as brittle as the glass he shatters on Waveland. His prowess with the bat has brought him precisely the kind of attention he wants to avoid. "Dave has the personality of a tree trunk," says Stearns. "He's not a bad guy, but if you try to talk to him, about all he does is grunt. He's not really the kind of man who wants to be in the public eye, yet here he is the longest hitter in baseball."

Kingman, 30, was a star pitcher and hitter at USC. He spent only two seasons in the minors before joining San Francisco in 1972. After three full years with the Giants, he was traded to the Mets, where he hit 73 homers in two seasons. When he tried to renegotiate his contract, the Met fans sided with management in one of the most amazing displays of misplaced loyalty in the history of free agentry. As his contract dispute became more bitter, the already shy Kingman became extremely introverted and he began to develop bad feeling toward the press.

Early this season the Chicago *Sun-Times* printed a compendium of Cub "bests" and "worsts," and Kingman's teammates unanimously designated him the "worst dressed." When he heard about it, Kingman angrily explained that he usually came to Wrigley Field in the clothes he wore to go salmon fishing on Lake Michigan. And with that, he declared himself off limits to all interviewers without video cameras or tape recorders. At first the Chicago press corps worked around the ban in the finest *Front Page* tradition—eavesdropping on Kingman's radio and TV interviews and cribbing quotes from people with cassette decks. Through it all, Kingman seemed to take a churlish pleasure in the discomfort he could cause in the press box simply by letting his bat do all his talking. From time to time he would confer off the record with reporters, but then only to explain why he wouldn't talk on the record.

When Kingman first joined the Cubs, his personality quirks—a certain aloofness, a penchant for canine company in the clubhouse—made him an oddball to some of his new teammates. He has only recently overcome that stigma by emerging as one of the team's foremost practical jokers. When squirt guns were the rage in the Cubs' clubhouse, it was Kingman who provided the weaponry. When cigarettes started exploding unexpectedly in players' faces, the trail of pellets led to Kingman. However, on days when he is not engaging in these antics, he is free to go his own way. "If he comes in and he doesn't feel like communicating that particular day," says Pitcher Lynn McGlothen, "we just back off. No problem."

In this special season Kingman hit his first home run on Opening Day and has kept right on clubbing. At times he has been well-nigh impossible to stop. The Phillies discovered that in late June when Catcher Bob Boone bobbled a routine

*The Reyeses know Kingman is lurking in the distance, plotting an assault on their apartment house*

foul-tipped third strike, then watched Kingman kong the next pitch more than 400 feet into the rightfield bleachers. As of last week, Kingman had missed only 10 games because of illness or injury. Never before has he played more than 135 games in a season.

Besides hitting monster home runs, Kingman has also been playing the outfield smoothly, even hitting cutoff men. As he once said, "I'm paid to hit, not to play defense. If I was paid for my defense I'd go hungry." But that attitude is a thing of the past as he patrols leftfield with new authority.

Kingman's prowess has tended to obscure the fact that the whole Cub team has done surprisingly well. There it was at week's end, only 4½ games behind Pittsburgh in the National League East. Everybody knows that the Cubs flower and then wilt. But the el foldo, if there is to be one, is taking its own sweet time coming.

Kingman, of course, has been the power behind this modest glory, but as First Baseman Bill Buckner says, "It's not a one-man team." Chicago batters have made their hits timely ones, the starting pitchers have been solid, if not overpowering, and the relief pitching is first-rate. Dick Tidrow, a Yankee castoff, has found new life in the Chicago bullpen (he has an 8–3 record), and Sutter's darting split-fingered fastball has carried him to 28 saves, tops in the majors.

But if the Cubs are to make a run at the pennant—they last won one 34 years ago—Kong will have to lead them. "He can carry that club," says Met Pitcher Dock Ellis, "and he's going to have to. I don't believe you can win a pennant playing day games in Chicago. It's going to get hot and those guys are going to get tired. But Kingman will still be hitting them out."

It remains to be seen whether Kingman can keep body and soul together for an entire season. "Baseball is an uncertain life," he has said. "I don't think people know how hard it is to get to the big leagues. They don't understand the pressures of this job. They don't know what it's like. They don't know what I'm like. They only know what they read."

But they know how you can thundercrunch a baseball, Dave, and windows or no windows, they don't really want you to stop. Train the gun on Waveland Avenue and let loose the cannonade. END

# WELL, HUSH THEIR MOUTHS

If the roar of the crowd is part of baseball, so, increasingly, is the hush of the clubhouse. Let sportswriters draw nigh and Dave Kingman isn't the only ballplayer who is clamming up these days. In what seems to be almost a conspiracy of silence, the list of players who periodically refuse to talk to the press now includes St. Louis' George Hendrick, San Francisco's John Montefusco and Boston's Jim Rice. There are probably others as well but they are so closemouthed they still haven't told anyone. Hendrick's shoulder is particularly cold. Before the season began, he pointedly took Cardinal writers aside and told them, "If I have an opinion to express, I will call you over individually and give it to you." The writers are still waiting.

A certain amount of friction between writers and players is, of course, inevitable. Ballplayers are men of action rather than words, and they are correct in suspecting that those words can sometimes return to haunt them. Last season's celebrated fistfight between the Los Angeles Dodgers' Don Sutton and Steve Garvey occurred after Sutton questioned Garvey's value to the team in *The Washington Post*. The incident not only proved that ballplayers can read but also that they can be highly sensitive. Of course, these facts have always been known in Boston, where the writers feuded with Ted Williams. It was Williams who said, "Pour hot water over a sportswriter and you'll get instant bleep."

But as that proves, Williams did speak, at least occasionally. In buttoning up altogether, many of today's players complain, predictably, that they have been misquoted. Hendrick, an articulate man on those rare occasions when he does deign to speak, says he started giving writers the silent treatment when he was playing with the Indians. "They took journalistic license with my quotes," he says. "The stories always came out like I was insulting my teammates. So I decided it would be better if I didn't say anything."

Boston's Dwight Evans, another strong, silent type, appears to believe that he is not only misquoted but also *under*quoted. This may be something of a contradiction, but it makes sense to Evans. He says he used to talk to writers a lot but little of what he said made it into print. Now, because he talks less often, very little does. Reflecting the image consciousness of the modern ballplayer, Montefusco and Giant teammate Randy Moffitt once refused to talk with former team broadcaster Lon Simmons because he was "putting us down." After Texas started poorly last season, Pitcher Doyle Alexander declined to talk, accusing reporters of unfairly blaming the team's troubles on the pitching staff. He felt that the hitters deserved the blame.

Writers are often boycotted on a selective basis. The Expos' Ellis Valentine will speak only to out-of-town journalists, giving Montreal scribes a grand bilingual kiss-off. In picking their spots when it comes to talking, some players can appear just a wee bit mercenary. Rice recently threatened to stuff an inquiring reporter into a trash barrel, but the Boston slugger was far more accommodating when American Optical Company paid him $1,000 to appear at a press conference. But then, it has long been clear that the modern ballplayer prefers vows of silence to vows of poverty.

Some players snub writers with more style than others. Los Angeles' Reggie Smith (who once was interviewed live *on* TV and afterward claimed he had been misquoted) tends to brush off writers with a curt "Not now." Kansas City's Freddie Patek simply stares into space when he's not in the mood to talk. Patek's teammate Amos Otis is more considerate. During his periodic seizures of silence, Otis takes out a hand-printed sign he keeps nearby and hangs it on his dressing cubicle. It says: "No Interviews A.O."

For writers, probably the best retaliation is to reply in kind. Earlier this season, the Texas Ranger reporters were denied access to the clubhouse and were told to conduct their interviews in a narrow, muggy hallway. But the writers balked. Until the clubhouse restrictions were finally eased, they refused to interview any players.

—JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

# SUPERCHARGER IS READY TO BLAST

*As the San Diego aerial circus revs up for the new season, John Jefferson, the top receiver at lighting the scoreboard last season, expects to shine even brighter now that No. 1 draft choice Kellen Winslow is on hand* **by BARRY McDERMOTT**

In the interests of conserving energy, the following information is provided gratis to the coaches of those NFL teams scheduled to play the San Diego Chargers this season. When the Chargers have the ball, men, don't bother to rig any elaborate defenses to stop the run. Don Coryell, the San Diego coach, doesn't buy the shibboleth that you've got to establish the running game before you can do anything else. No, sir. Coryell's master game plan consists of just one word: pass. Or as Dan Fouts, the Chargers' bearded quarterback, puts it, "We're going to throw the ball and we don't care who knows it."

The Minnesota Vikings and a crowd of 49,037 learned that firsthand Saturday night in San Diego Stadium as Fouts and his backups, James Harris and Cliff Olander, completed a total of 18 passes to 11—count 'em, 11—different receivers in the Chargers' 19–0 preseason victory. With one ultimate weapon, in the person of the estimable John Jefferson, already conspicuous among his horde of receivers, Coryell unveiled in the Minnesota game a player who may well be what he needs to complete his aerial circus—rookie Tight End Kellen Winslow.

Desperate for a tight end in the Dave Casper-Russ Francis mold—one who could make life easier for Jefferson, who last year as a rookie made life miserable for defensive backs by catching 56 passes for 1,001 yards and led all NFL receivers with 13 touchdowns—Coryell did some furious last-second maneuvering during the draft in May and came away with the 6′ 5″, 250-pound Winslow as the Chargers' No. 1 pick.

Jefferson's eyes almost pop out of his plastic goggles—he wears them to keep the prying fingers of defensive backs out of his eyes—when he considers how he expects Winslow to augment the Chargers' already potent passing attack. "I've been telling the other guys that we got the best football player in the draft," Jefferson says. "I played against him in college and I know what he can do."

As Jefferson no doubt sees it, Winslow can do only good things for Jefferson—and, of course, for all the other Chargers. Winslow is so fast—he does 4.6 in the 40, and Coryell believes he could be utilized as a wide receiver if necessary—that on certain plays his mere presence as a deep threat will prohibit defensive backs from double covering Jefferson.

Not that Jefferson, who went to Arizona State and was also a first-round draft choice, needs much help from Winslow or anyone else. He has run the 100 in 9.6 and his hands are like suction cups. He flat-out dropped only one pass last year, but on the same play he suffered a slight shoulder separation. He turned the first pass Fouts threw to him into a 29-yard touchdown play, and converted Fouts' last pass of the season into a 37-yard scoring play. The folks in San Diego have not seen anything like Jefferson since the glory days of Lance (Bambi) Alworth. But when Charger

*Coryell likes to spread the wealth among all the Charger pass receivers, but Fouts prefers to hang it up for Jefferson when he needs a quick six points.*

publicists started to call him "The Jefferson Airplane," he told them to forget the nicknames: his initials, JJ, would suffice for now.

As for Jefferson's pass-catching style, Charger Wide Receiver Charlie Joiner, a 10-year veteran, says JJ does not merely catch the ball, he "attacks" it. Last season Jefferson became the first NFL rookie to "attack" more than 1,000 yards worth of passes since Bobby Hayes did it for Dallas in 1965.

For his part, Winslow is naturally delighted that Coryell made the draft-day deal with the Cleveland Browns that assured him of a place in the San Diego sun. "If I'd gone to Buffalo or Cincinnati," he says, "I'd have had to buy a four-wheel-drive Cadillac."

Winslow was driving a new Datsun when he showed up in San Diego in mid-June to begin familiarizing himself with the Chargers' playbook and the bombs-away offensive philosophy that Coryell had imparted to the Chargers last season after replacing Tommy Prothro four games into the schedule. The Chargers were 1–3 and typically boring under Prothro, but they were 8–4—with seven wins in their last eight games—and wildly exciting under Coryell. San Diego scored an average of 41 points in its final three games.

Fouts gives all the credit for San Diego's resurgence to Coryell, not coincidentally, St. Louis was a high-scoring offensive machine, featuring Jim Hart's passes to Mel Gray and Terry Metcalf's triple-threat explosiveness, when Coryell was the Cardinals' coach and had present Charger assistants Jim Hanifan and Joe Gibbs as aides. Says Fouts, "The three of them are like one huge efficient mind, always thinking of ways to win football games."

And not by means of a safety blitz or a nickel pass coverage. Coryell is an old paratrooper who has not forgotten the toy soldiers of his youth. He lives and loves the offensive, attacking side of the game, and revels in its military aspects. He did not bother to change the Chargers' defensive coaches when he replaced Prothro, and to receive even the slightest approval from Coryell at practice a defensive player must do something astounding. "He hates to compliment the defense," says Fouts.

On the other hand, Coryell ladles out praise for his offensive players. He maintains that Jefferson stands in a "class by himself," and insists that "We've got a great one in Winslow. There's no question he'll be a great one for many years."

Winslow did not play football until his senior year of high school in East St. Louis, Ill.; in fact, the first time he tried out for the team, he put his pants on backwards—although one leg at a time. He won a football scholarship to the University of Missouri, and once on campus he showed so many fluid moves on the football field that the school's basketball coach, Norm Stewart, tried to persuade him to play two sports.

As the Chargers' training camp opened in suburban La Jolla, Winslow's competition for the starting tight end assignment consisted of veteran holdovers Bob Klein and Pat Curran and journeyman reserve Gregg McCrary. What Winslow needed in camp was a fast start, but on the first day of practice he slipped on some wet turf, pulled a hamstring and was out of action for 2½ weeks.

Few rookies win a job in the trainer's room, but Coryell was not of a mind to rush Winslow back onto the field. In his five years of football, he has missed only a game and half because of injury; he was asked to model swimwear at a recent fashion show because he was the only Charger on hand who did not have unsightly scars crisscrossing his knees. "I know what it is to play with pain and to play with injury," Winslow says. "There's a big distinction."

Still, there was grumbling among a few of the Chargers that Coryell was coddling Winslow, that the rookie—however talented he was supposed to be—should have been participating in at least some of the Chargers' workouts. Mike Thomas, the running back whom San Diego acquired from Washington in May, took to calling Winslow "Super Rook." Winslow quickly sensed what he called the "negative vibes" and suspected that teammates felt he was malingering.

"I'm starting to think that some people here are doubting my ability," Winslow said. "The pressure is from the veterans. I guess my biggest fear is that people are going to be jealous. But it's a lot easier to go from a nobody to a somebody than to start as a somebody, because then there is nowhere else to go. You have to fight to stay up there."

Per plan, Coryell had Winslow suit up for the Chargers' first exhibition game against the 49ers two weeks ago in San Francisco, but, also per plan, he kept

*Winslow could close the speed gap at tight end*

Winslow on the sidelines playing spectator as San Diego lost a sloppy game 13–10. Coryell had several plans in operation that night. He also wanted Fouts to play for only as long as it took him to throw a touchdown pass. Not wishing to wear himself out too early in the year, Fouts hooked up with Jefferson on a 17-yard scoring pass the first time the Chargers had the ball—and then they both took the rest of the night off.

Winslow finally resumed full-scale training last week as the Chargers prepared for Saturday's game against the Vikings.

Coryell started Klein at tight end, then put in McCrary, who early in the second quarter caught a 34-yard touchdown pass from Fouts. Jefferson was used mainly as a decoy, catching only one pass for a mere nine yards. Winslow finally was inserted into the lineup late in the second quarter, and played part of the third quarter and all of the fourth. Two passes were thrown to him. One flew past his outstretched hands, but he snagged the other for a 13-yard gain.

And on the sidelines John Jefferson was even more goggle-eyed than usual. **END**

# ODD MAN OUT ON THE DIAMOND

*Veteran umpires have made life unhappy for the rookies who crossed the picket lines last spring and then went to work*

**by E. M. SWIFT**

Until this year, major league umpires could be found in groups of four. They were men with similar professional interests enduring a lonely life together—airport to hotel to ball park, with a beer or a movie along the way to relieve the monotony. So what if fans booed and players griped and managers questioned their parentage? They were in this together, by golly. They were a team. All for one and one for all.

That is the way it used to be. Last week three-fourths of a major league umpiring crew sat at a table in a New York bar while the fourth, an outcast, was off somewhere on his own. There are eight of these outcasts in baseball today, four in each league. They were brought up from the minors during the umpire "strike" this spring, which spanned all of spring training and 45 days of the season, and they stayed on as vacation substitutes for the regulars. But as they rotate from crew to crew, most of the senior umpires are greeting them with turned backs and open hostility. This alone would be cause for concern, but on occasion the bad feelings have spilled out onto the playing field, affecting the game itself.

When American League President Lee MacPhail discussed the problem with Richie Phillips, the attorney for the association that represents the established umps, the two men agreed that "if one of the new umpires needs help on a play, he will get it." Earlier this month the National League put out a memo instructing its umpires not to make "uncomplimentary, personal remarks" about each other.

The memo was a topic of conversation in the New York bar last week. "We can't call them 'scabs,' " said crew chief Bob Engel. "The league says we have to call them 'new umpires.' "

"But they *are* scabs," interrupted Paul

*Throughout a troubled season rookie umpires like Shulock have stood apart from the crew*

Runge. "I looked it up in *Webster's* and one of the definitions is 'a worker who replaces a union worker during a strike.' So they *are* scabs."

Technically the eight were not strikebreakers because the 52 regular umpires had been working under a contract with a no-strike clause. The walkout won them substantial increases in salary and per diem payments as well as paid in-season vacations. When the veterans returned, the eight rookies, the only active professional umps among those working during the walkout, remained. The veterans have shown their resentment in many ways, even though in MacPhail's interpretation, the agreement says "there would be no recrimination on either side."

There have been recriminations, lots of them—and for good reason, argue the senior umps. "The new umpires prolonged the strike. They embarrassed us," says National League Umpire Ed Montague. "Why should they be embraced now? Let them take their own cabs and stay at different hotels and be lonely." American League crew chief Don Denkinger has said, "I will not ride with them. I will not eat with them. I will not have idle conversation with them." National League veteran Billy Williams told mild-mannered rookie Fred Brocklander, "If you were in labor, you'd have a busted jaw now, and your nose would be on the other side of your face." Williams, a former member of the steam-fitters union, added, "I've got to umpire with you, but I don't have to be your friend."

In the exclusive world of umpires, friendship and companionship can be very important. "From what I know of good umpiring," says National League supervisor Blake Cullen, "it seems like you've got to have a rapport. You play cards or maybe golf together, and later, when you've got runners on first and third and the ball is hit to the outfield, you know who's doing what. They don't discuss these situations with the new men."

Instead, they have embarrassed them, off the field and on. There have been numerous instances of veteran umpires ignoring the rookies, even during arguments when they could have used a show of support. "That kind of stuff can really damage the integrity of the game," says Mets Manager Joe Torre.

It is particularly damaging when a catcher or batter appeals a rookie umpire's ball or strike call on a checked swing and the veteran umpire automatically reverses it. "I've noticed that more and more," says one catcher. "Occasionally it's so obvious it's hard to believe."

Some veteran umps apparently think the obvious slights are the best kind. Last month, during a game in the Houston Astrodome between the Astros and the Dodgers, a foul ball struck rookie home-plate Umpire Lanny Harris in the throat. While the Houston trainer examined him, the three veterans stood impassively at their positions. "That was ——," L.A. Shortstop Bill Russell said afterward. "The guys in the dugout really got on the third-base ump."

On another occasion, the four umpires were gathered around home plate when one of the veterans clapped his hands as if to end the discussion and send everyone to his position. Rookie Dave Pallone immediately turned and ran out toward second base. The others remained at home plate.

Pallone, 27, has been a favorite target of the hazing. One day in June he opened his bag in the umpires' dressing room in Candlestick Park and found a padlock on his mask, his cap mangled and the straps of his shin guards cut. "Obviously the elves didn't do it," says supervisor Cullen. "I asked the guys in his crew point blank and nobody said anything. What can you do? I couldn't fine everybody."

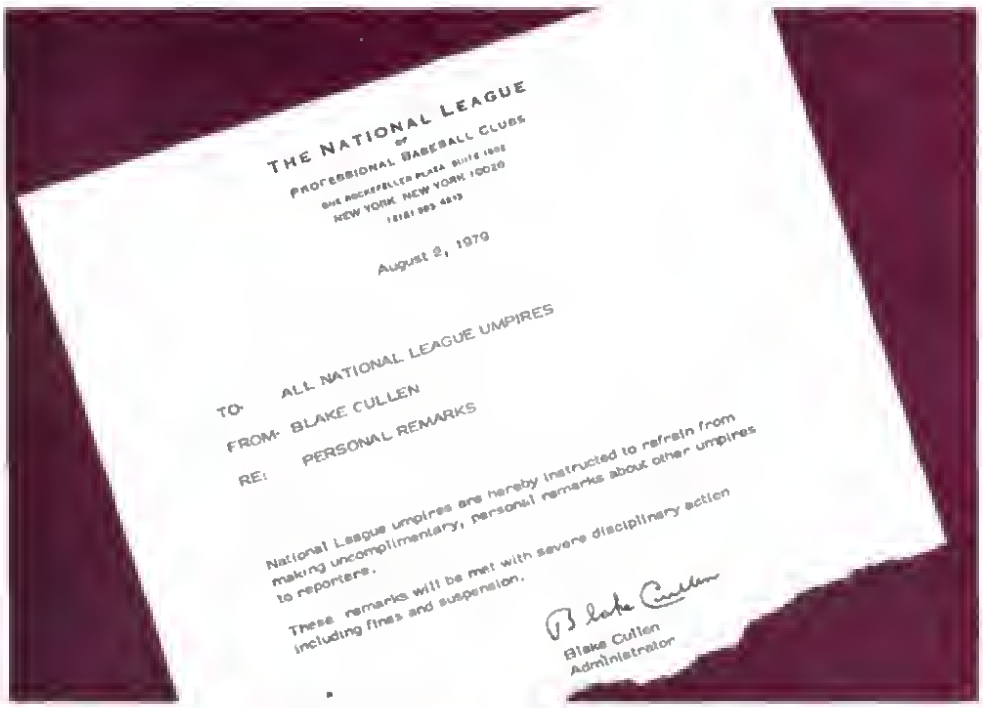
Nor is it known who the guilty party was in an incident involving American League rookie Derryl Cousins. Shortly after the walkout ended, he arrived in his Minnesota dressing room to find the word "Seah," instead of his name, written above his locker.

Locker-room hazing is not nearly as important as conflict on the field, of course. "I don't agree with what the new umpires did. I never will," says American League crew chief Dave Phillips. "But professionalism should go to the forefront in games. My crew and I do not believe in treating the *continued*

*Veteran Shulock a few pointers*

rookies any differently once we cross the white lines." True to his word, Phillips came to the defense of rookie Dallas Parks several times last week, most notably in an argument involving those two notorious umpire baiters, Earl Weaver and Billy Martin.

At the heart of this controversy is the veteran umps' belief that the rookies cost them money last spring and made the walkout unnecessarily lengthy. They argue further that the rookies have taken jobs that should have gone to other, better qualified minor-leaguers. To be sure, the major leagues did not sign the eight best minor league umps. The National League was turned down by the first five minor-leaguers it contacted, and the American League was rebuffed by one of its top five. Only two of the eight were considered highly promising from the beginning, John Shulock and Fred Spenn. "I couldn't live with myself if I treated the rookies like nothing ever happened," says Billy Williams. "They took advantage of what we were doing to get to the majors. They cost other minor league umpires—better umpires—a chance to be here. Ask [Steve Fields] if he could have gotten to the major leagues any other way. If he says he could have, he's a liar and I'll tell him that to his face."



THE NATIONAL LEAGUE
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NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10020
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August 2, 1979

TO: ALL NATIONAL LEAGUE UMPIRES

FROM: BLAKE CULLEN

RE: PERSONAL REMARKS

National League umpires are hereby instructed to refrain from making uncomplimentary, personal remarks about other umpires to reporters.

These remarks will be met with severe disciplinary action including fines and suspension.

Blake Cullen
Administrator

*Cullen, supervisor of National League umpires, tried to stop widespread rookie-slurring with a strong memorandum to his men in the field. But mere words didn't make the veterans accept Dave Pallone.*

At the same time, the veterans have only respect for a young umpire named Dan Morrison, who turned down an American League contract in the spring but came to the bigs as a sub when Lou DiMuro was injured. "I wanted to make it on my own ability and not by defying these other guys," Morrison says. "And I figured that when I made it I was going to be here for 20 or 25 years and I would have to get along with these guys."

Morrison was confident that he could reach the top on his own. Others, not as sure of themselves, took their opportunities when they came. "It was a tough decision," Fred Brocklander says. "I'm going to be 39 years old and, if I had said no, that was it. I had struggled emotionally and mentally all those years in the minors and I had persevered. I felt like I was in the middle."

Brocklander says the crucial factor in his decision was the relationship between the major league umps and their poor cousins in the minors. "They never took us into the Umpires Association," he says. "If they had, I never would have worked while they were out."

Brocklander and the seven other outcast umps are still not welcome. With but 52 members, the association is one of the most elite unions in the country. There is no evidence that the veteran umps remember their roots beyond the passing down of an occasional used chest protector or travel bag to a Triple-A hopeful. "They don't give a damn about the minor leagues," says Dallas Parks, who waited seven years for his chance. "They leave the minor leagues and forget about them."

Parks is a big, gentle man who, despite his resentment, has a passive demeanor. He has never ridden in a car with the other members of his crew or sat with them at a dinner table. On the one occasion he found himself on the same plane, the veterans did not acknowledge his existence. After a game he always showers last and stays away from the buffet in the umpires' room until the others have finished serving

*continued*

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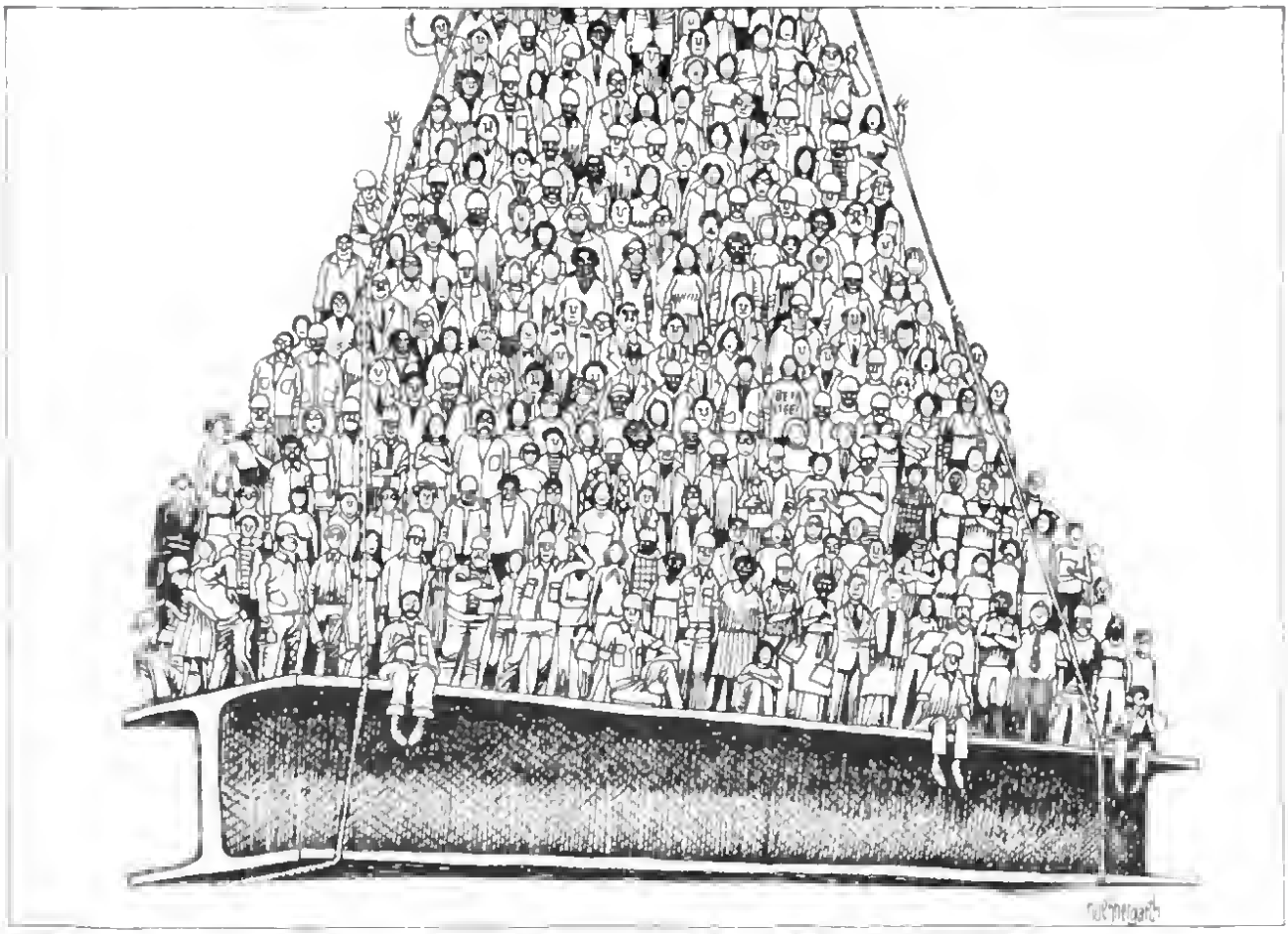

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themselves. "He's very quiet, very humble," says crew chief Phillips. "That has helped his situation."

Parks is also very smart, because he knows how the hiring game is played. "This profession is the most competitive in sports," he says. "There's so many trying to become so few. It's a long road, a rocky road, a lucky road and an —— kissing road. There's a lot of older umpires who have gotten here by a lot more unethical ways than we have. Ours is the black-sheep way. Two months ago I would have said I wished I hadn't done it. But now, yes, I'd do it again. After a while, you can get acclimated to anything. For me, that's a tough thing to say because I've always wanted people to like me. But now I know a human being can get used to about anything."

That is not Shulock's opinion, however. "I wouldn't do it again," he says, "and if the situation should ever arise for another minor league umpire, I would say, 'Stay right where you are.' "

Better relations between the umps will come only as the outcasts prove themselves on the field. Cullen says the National League rookies are not the four worst umps in his league. "They're even getting some grudging respect from the other umpires," he says. "That has helped the situation some, but a few of the older ones won't even let me discuss it with them. They just turn away."

As a last resort, Cullen says he may put the four new umps into a single crew next season. But he is reluctant to do this because he feels that would remove any hope of reconciliation. There is some question, however, as to whether reconciliation can occur. Too many umpires share the feelings of American Leaguer Mike Reilly, who says, "Things are never going to get better with me."

The rookie umps do have sympathy from at least one veteran umpire, Bill Deegan. During the 1970 playoffs, when the umps staged a one-day walkout, Deegan crossed the picket line. He stayed on the following year as a regular American Leaguer. "I can relate to what these kids are going through," he says. "I'm still not accepted by a few of the hard-nosed guys. I've proven myself to be a good umpire and they still reject me."

After all, once an umpire makes up his mind, he is not about to change it. In this instance, however, the more obstinate veterans are hurting the game they are paid to uphold. **END**


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TDK Video Cassettes

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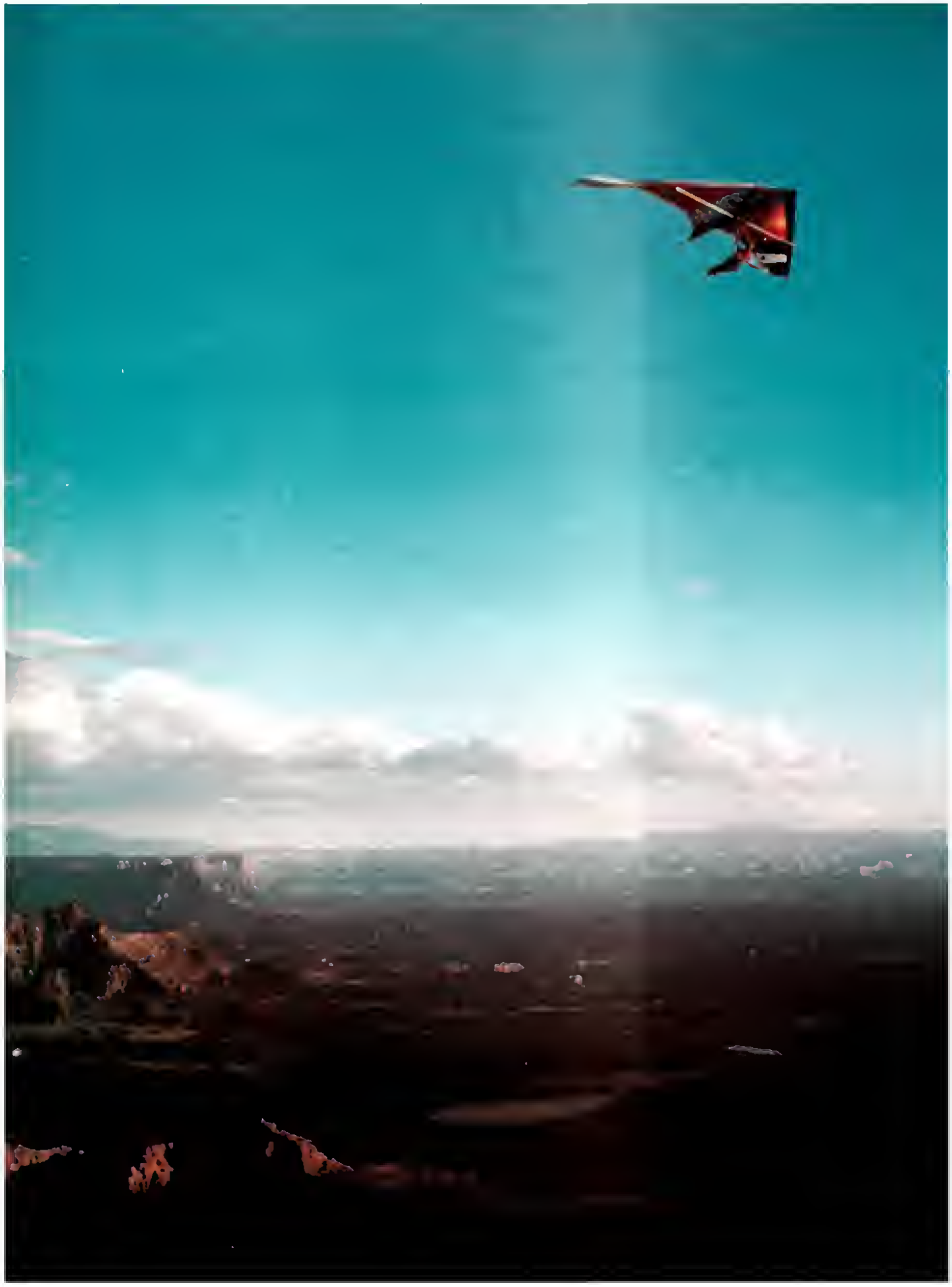
# THE FIRST STEP IS THE HARDEST

Like huge, multicolored vultures, the hang gliders circled slowly over the desert, their delicate wings tilting to catch the tricky air currents. The evant was the first Moab World Invitational toumament in Utah, and 40 top-rated pilots from five countries gathared to demonstrata their skill at slaloming around pylons, pinpoint landing and endurance flight. But the real test for some was the first step off Dead Horse Point, tha 2,000-foot-high launch site. "It's very simple," said the meet director. "If you maka a mistaka going off this cliff, you'ra dead."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARL IWASAKI

*With the Colorado River in the distance, an intrepid pilot, perched on the brink of Dead Horse Point, prepares to pounce on an unsuspecting thermal*

*Wafted along on wings of Dacron (overleaf), a contestant admires, but avoids, the prominences and jagged rocks of Canyonlands National Park.*



# 'BEAUTIFUL, JUST BEAUTIFUL!'

Reggie Jones stood at the edge of the red sandstone cliff in Canyonlands National Park and looked down. Below him, 2,000 feet of sheer face ended in a pile of jagged rocks dotted with blackbrush and cactus. The air was so still that he could hear the occasional sharp slap of wings as red-tailed hawks swooped in the clear desert sky. Ahead, as far as he could see, lay a panorama of high bluffs and tableland. A decision had to be made. "I can't do it," Jones said. "I can't jump."

But when the moment came, Jones and his Olympus 160 hang glider would take that terrifying leap off a southern Utah cliff called Dead Horse Point. But jumping off the cliff was only the first step in Jones' flight. After that he had to keep the glider aloft for precisely five minutes before landing on a tiny white bull's-eye marked on the sand far below. Five judges waited with stopwatches: "time accuracy" was one of six events in the 1978 Moab World Invitational Hang Gliding tournament. Competitors from Chile, Brazil, Colombia, France and the U.S. had assembled in Utah for the occasion.

A five-minute flight doesn't sound like much until one realizes that the pilots have only their own bodies, swaying in the wind, with which to maneuver their fragile craft properly. Just *gliding* wouldn't do it in the Utah contest; the flyers quickly had to find a thermal—a funnel of hot air rising from the desert floor—and stay with it. Desert thermals are often just 10 feet wide, so a glider must rise in tight circles. Then, when the pilot leaves the thermal for his downward sweep toward the desert, he must make certain that a miscalculation doesn't send him into the cliff or the rocks.

Jones reached up and snapped his harness to an aluminum hook at the apex of the glider's frame. "Give me some dirt, please," he said softly.

A young woman standing near the edge of the cliff tossed a handful of dust into the air. It went straight up, like a column of red smoke. "Looking good, Reg," she said.

Another woman produced a child's toy, a little wire loop that creates bubbles when dipped into a soapy solution and waved in the air. She swept her arm in an arc and watched the scattering bubbles. She smiled. "No crosswind, Reg," she said.

Jones said, "Let me go, please."

Two women stationed on either side of the glider let go of the wing tips, and a man holding the front of the craft released it and threw himself to the ground. Jones stood up straight and took three bounding steps. He leaped into space.

The glider fell about 20 feet before seizing the air; and then it floated out over the desert, over the red bluffs and purple cliffs, toward the blue haze on the horizon. A cheer rang out, and Jones, now stretched under the wing with his feet supported by the stirrup, turned and looked back. "Oh, beautiful, just beautiful!" he shouted.

This was the first hang-gliding meet ever staged in Utah, and despite unfavorable weather and few spectators, it seemed to show that the sport, long thought to be the activity of a few suicidal maniacs, was at last coming into its own. The tournament lasted 10 exhausting days—five days of flying were canceled because of wind conditions. Any wind over 15 mph would throw the pilots into the air and dash them back onto the rocks.

Most of the competitors were in their 20s and had been flying since they were teen-agers. Besides Reggie Jones, who is 31 years old and comes from Reno, Nev., they included Tom Peghiny, 23, of Carpinteria, Calif., who started gliding at 13 with a homemade bamboo and plastic rig, and who now holds 29 tournament victories, and his partner, Malcolm Jones (no kin to Reggie), 22, who started at 15, while towed behind boats over Florida lakes.

Malcolm Jones won with the lowest number of penalty points. In the last event, the time accuracy, he landed in five minutes, 18.72 seconds, only half a second nearer the five-minute mark than second-place finisher Gordon Pollock of Golden, Colo. The two were so close that Jones offered to split the first- and second-place prizes, a total of $3,000, down the middle. Pollock accepted. One felt the flyers had come to the meet less to compete than to gather, like birds before winter, among their own kind. And like aviators of an earlier day, they are addicted to the air.

Reggie Jones won nothing, but he didn't seem to mind. "I bought a house about the same time I bought my glider," he said. "And that was the last time I saw my house. The glider always comes first. You get up there and it cures headaches and it cures worries, and if you're thinking about your life, maybe a lady or something, or a job, you get up there and all that goes away. I've been scared up there, so scared I've cried out for my momma. But if I don't get air for a long time, I get crazy. And another thing. I used to be a duck hunter. But ever since I started gliding, I haven't been able to kill a bird."

—NORA GALLAGHER

*A hang glider floats through the clear desert air like some mythical creature, while its pilot enjoys a spectacular bird's-eye view of canyons and cactus*

by WILLIAM OSCAR JOHNSON

# IT WAS ALMOST A RERUN OF 'HEIDI'

VILLANTE ERUPTED WHEN NBC PULLED THE PLUG ON KINGMAN

Tom Villante, baseball's director of marketing and broadcasting, watched his TV set in astonishment three Saturday afternoons ago as the NBC *Game of the Week* went off the air—in the eighth inning. He spluttered, "What the *hell* is going on?"

It was a quite meaningless game between the Cubs and the Mets, and New York was leading 6–4. But mighty Dave Kingman had slugged three home runs, and a fourth would make him only the seventh major-leaguer to hit that many in a nine-inning game.

"My God! I was flabbergasted. I couldn't believe it," Villante said last week, still outraged. "They could have committed another *Heidi*. If Kingman hits the fourth home run and they miss it, it's a definite *Heidi* all over again."

Villante's reference was to the famous episode when NBC cut off an unfinished, highly dramatic Jets-Raiders game in 1968 to switch to a special about the little Swiss shepherdess. In this case, instead of *Heidi*, NBC aired highlights, many of them taped, of the National Sports Festival in Colorado. It was not a particularly compelling competition. The fact that Kingman did not get a fourth home run took NBC off the hook but did not excuse the network's bad judgment and insensitivity toward baseball fans.

Moreover, NBC breached its contract with baseball, which stipulates that all games be shown to their conclusion. The following Monday, Arthur Watson, the president of NBC Sports and just one of the many new faces that has recently surfaced as the result of a purge of the network's sports department, appeared at Commissioner Bowie Kuhn's office with an embarrassed Don Ohlmeyer, 34, the $400,000-a-year *enfant terrible* whose name appears under the title of executive producer on all NBC sports programs.

"They apologized to us," said Villante. "They were very embarrassed. It had been Ohlmeyer's decision to cut out of the game. They said they had been wrong. We said we couldn't imagine how they had even *thought* of leaving the game, let alone of actually doing it. They said it wouldn't happen again. We forgave them."

Forgiving NBC is something Villante is getting a lot of practice at. The Kingman goof followed on the heels of a bizarre sequence in the All-Star Game telecast. On that occasion NBC focused its cameras on Barry Bremen, an obvious impostor, as he worked out with the American Leaguers before the game.

NBC has apologized for this, too, and Villante said ruefully last week, "We still don't know if the network was actually party to the hoax. It's one thing to cover something and another to aid and abet it. We don't know who did what, but we have decided to drop the whole thing."

Villante is a former Yankee bat boy who dreamed of a career as a Yankee second baseman until, during his tryout at spring training in 1950, he met his competition for the position, a brash rookie named Billy Martin. Martin played second, and Villante went into advertising, where he stayed for 28 years until taking his present job 18 months ago.

It has been no bed of roses for Villante. In addition to NBC's goof, baseball's TV ratings are off. On its Saturday *Game of the Week*, NBC is down to a 6.8 rating this season (compared to 7.5 last year) and a 25.7 share of the audience (compared to 28.6). The ratings of ABC's Monday night shows also have dipped, but much less—to a 12.6 from 12.7—while the share of audience is up slightly, from 23.4 to 24.1.

"I'm not worried about those tiny fluctuations," Villante says. "There's no sign of a negative trend yet."

Baseball negotiated a $200 million, five-year contract with NBC and ABC last spring. That will yield about $1.9 million a year to each team, about double what the old contract produced. (Baseball teams, unlike football teams, also have local TV contracts that produce revenue; the Red Sox, for instance, get some $2.35 million each year from a Boston TV station.) If the ratings drop significantly, the networks will be hurt somewhat, but, in fact, they are probably less concerned about declining regular-season ratings than is baseball, which needs exposure to promote itself and increase gate receipts.

The networks can get by with low to mediocre ratings as long as they are guaranteed the two prime-time bonanza packages: 1) the All-Star Game and the playoffs, and 2) the World Series.

Baseball is trying some new ideas to alleviate its shortcomings in the ratings. Until now, the end of the regular season has been a relative wasteland for the sport on network TV, largely because ABC cannot put on *Monday Night Baseball* once the NFL season gets under way.

This year, in an effort to get more network exposure down the stretch, Villante and ABC have made a deal whereby three potentially crucial Sunday games (Sept. 9, 23 and 30) will be aired in the afternoon—head on against the NFL games on CBS and NBC.

Villante has launched a study of the factors that may have caused baseball's ratings to fall. "We're interested in trying fresh approaches, in doing new things that will keep baseball healthy," he says.

Still, whatever remedies he may come up with, they won't keep baseball healthy if there is more of the kind of shenanigans NBC has pulled. **END**

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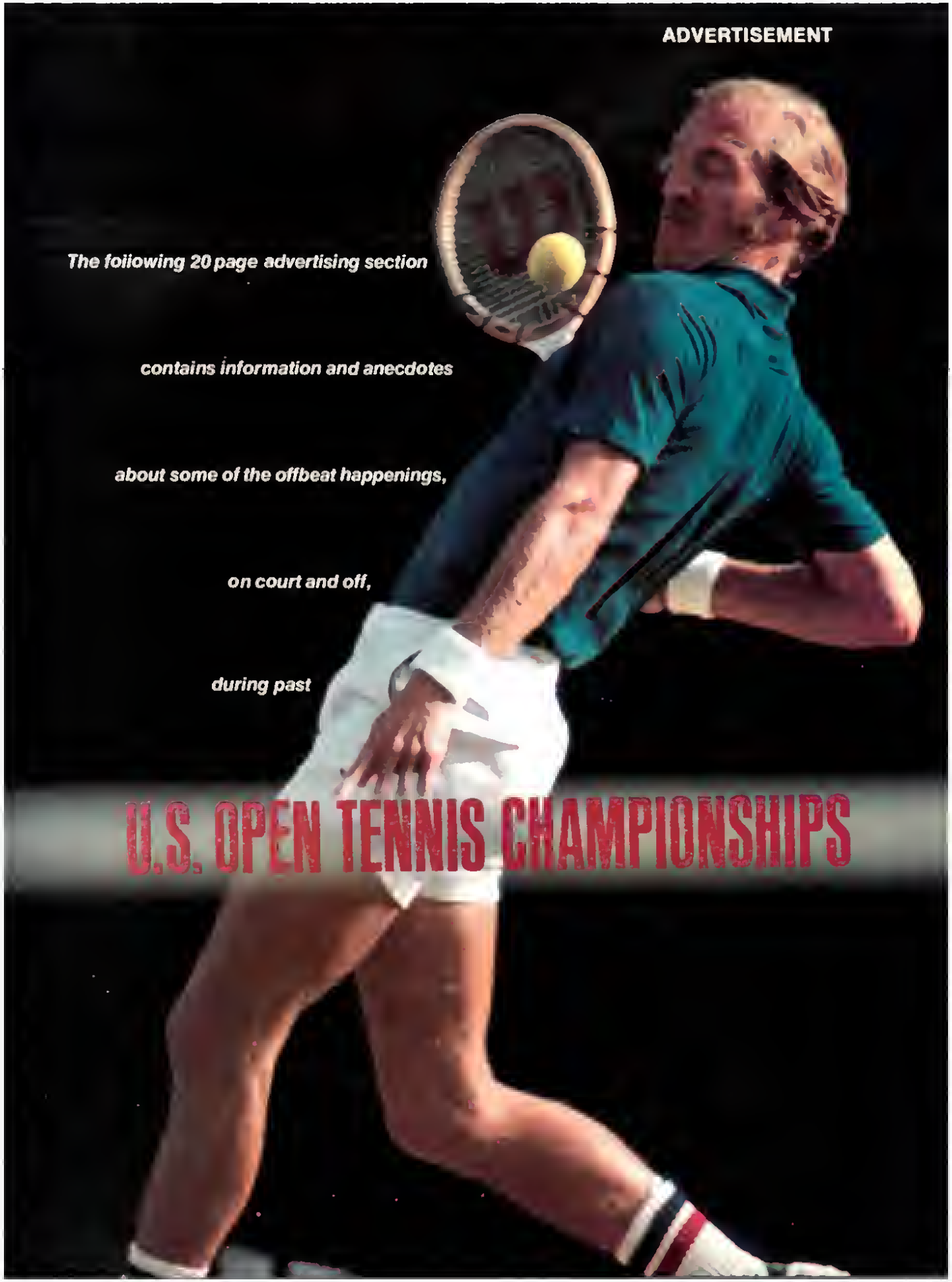

*The following 20 page advertising section*

*contains information and anecdotes*

*about some of the offbeat happenings,*

*on court and off,*

*during past*

# U.S. OPEN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS

# DIFFERENT STROKES

For two and a half hours the 13,000 aficionados at Forest Hills on this September afternoon in 1967 had felt the tension build. The match, a men's singles semifinal in this concluding year of unsullied "amateurism" at the U.S. Nationals, was an intriguing contest of power against finesse, intensity versus blitheness. On one side stood Clark Graebner, the glowering, powerfully-built American who had conquered the always-rugged Roy Emerson of Australia in the quarterfinals. His opponent was Jan Leschly, a carefree, little-known Dane on leave from his job as a Copenhagen pharmacist. The blond, physically unimposing Leschly possessed the cheerfully distracted air of a man honestly astonished at his own achievements. Unseeded Leschly had advanced to the semis with wins over the formidable likes of South African Cliff Drysdale and Brazilian Davis Cupper Ronnie Barnes. Graebner, as the third-ranking American (behind Dennis Ralston and Arthur Ashe), clearly belonged on the stadium court. But even Leschly had doubts about Leschly: "I woke up this morning," he con-

*A victorious Clark Graebner stays one jump ahead of his foe, the irrepressible Danish star Jan Leschly, after their gruelling mens' singles semifinal in 1967. Only instants after this picture was taken Leschly leaped the net as well, passing a surprised Graebner and providing a zany conclusion to a brilliant match*

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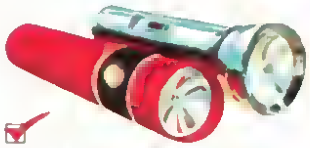

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UNION CARBIDE

# EVEREADY BATTERIES

[illegible] ma[illegible] and
[illegible]n't believe I was in the
semifinals."

But once on the Forest Hill[illegible] the unmelancholy Dane explod[illegible] Returning Graebner's erratic serve with sizzling accuracy, he breezed through the first two sets 6-3, 6-3. Then Graebner found his big serve and rushed back, winning the third set 7-5 and the fourth 6-4. The crowd, torn between patriotic loyalty to the last Yank with a crack at the title and their affection for an appealing underdog, cheered appreciatively for both men. Now it was

5-all in the fifth, the pressure at a peak, and anybody's match.

It was the Dane who cracked. Graebner broke his service for 6-5 as Leschly squandered his chances by missing three overhead slams. The artful Scandinavian made a final charge in the next game, pulling ahead 40-30, but Graebner's now devastating serve won him the next three points and the match.

Now came the incident which would transform this match from one of dozens of brilliantly-contested exhibitions into an event that would stick in the memory forever. The elated Graebner, flinging his racket into the air, bounded into the forecourt and exultantly leaped the net. Midway across the barrier he was startled to see Leschly jumping the net from the opposite direction. For one delicious moment the two of them were suspended abreast of each other in midair, frozen in place like a pair of deranged hurdlers as the spectators roared with laughter. Landing on Graebner's side, the quick-thinking Dane pantomimed a perplexed search for the vanished victor. Then he grinned, stepped back across the net and congratulated his conqueror.

Th[illegible]an-and-C[illegible]ark m[illegible]ping act was probably the most biz[illegible] finale to a riveting match in the history of the U.S. national championships, but it was by no means the only instance of unscripted craziness in the tournament's annals. Through the years there have been enough examples of high and low comedy, offbeat occurrences, spasms of ragged emotion, unexplained mysteries and downright wackiness to remind us regularly that while competition may be the thing, all right, it is never the only thing. In addition to offering the best tennis on American soil, or dust, or carpet, the U.S. Nationals can be counted on as a theater of the absurd, the bizarre, and even the tragic.

As illustrated by the Leschly Graebner performance, the tension-draining conclusion of a fiercely fought match is one splendid time for the unforeseen moment of the ater. After losing to Pancho Gonzales in the 1949 finals, one of the most thrilling matches ever played at Forest Hills, the vanquished Ted Schroeder howled in disbelief at a linesman's match-point call, then brought his racket back as if to throw it at the offending official.

*A trio of Southern Californians – Ted Schroeder (top left) Pancho Gonzales (top right and center) and Jack Kramer (bottom) dominated U.S. tennis in the 1940s Schroeder, winner at Forest Hills in 1942, lost to Gonzales in 1949 in one of the most dramatic finals ever Kramer, runner up in 1943, captured the 1946 and 1947 titles before turning professional*

Gonzales ducked his head as Schroeder tossed his racket gently into the net. When Coast Guard Seaman Jack Kramer approached the net to congratulate Navy Lt. Joseph Hunt at the end of their 1943 final-round match he found the victorious Hunt writhing on the turf near his own baseline, a victim of leg cramps. Kramer walked over to his fallen foe and extended his hand.

As connoisseurs of the court know only too well, the most explosive moments in a tournament like the U.S. Nationals are often oc-

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*Gardnar Mulloy literally tends to his knitting between matches at Spring Lakes Bath & Tennis Club 7 11 53*

casioned not by the violence of the players' strokes but by the volatile temperaments that are frequently as tightly-strung as their rackets. Let the record show that Ilie Nastase did not invent the calculated tantrum on the court, he merely raised it to new and diabolical heights. Consider, for example, the case of a journeyman Californian named Earl Cochell, whose rages were every bit as titanic as the dark-visaged Rumanian's. "He was nasty even by the standards of today," the great tennis writer Allison Danzig recalls. The main difference between Cochell and Nastase was that Cochell suffered and stormed in the amateur days, when such conduct provoked instant and intemperate retribution. Cochell, indeed, behaved so abominably during one Forest Hills match that he was banned forever—where are you now, Earl?—from U.S. tournaments.

A sandy-haired power hitter with a chronically unhappy demeanor, Cochell had shown up consistently in the lower regions of the U.S. top 10 (sixth in 1948, seventh in 1949 and 1950) before his rendezvous with official dom in 1951. In the previous year he had beaten the up-and coming Australian Frank Sedgman at Forest Hills, and he was off to a good start in his fourth-round 1951 meeting with the veteran Gardnar Mulloy on the stadium court when his fragile nerves disintegrated.

After capturing the opening set, Cochell roused the wrath of both the umpire and the onlookers when he petulantly—and obviously—threw a game late in the second set, which he lost. The spectators continued to harry him as he performed lackadaisically through the third, serving underhanded and occasionally switching his racket to his left hand to return Mulloy's serves. When his aggrieved protests about the crowd's animosity brought no action from the umpire he turned to personal diplomacy, arguing with the crowd directly, but this was no more successful.

After Mulloy coasted to an easy third-set win the players left the court for the intermission, closely trailed by the tournament referee, Dr. Ellsworth Davenport. Precisely what happened next remains a locker-room secret, but there is no doubt that the elderly doctor's ears were pinked considerably by the Californian's vivid language. "Cochell cussed him out," Mulloy said some time afterward. "I mean, he ***really*** cussed him out." Cochell was permitted to return to the court, where he promptly dropped the final set. A few days later he learned that it had been his last set as a competitor in sanctioned U.S. tournaments: he was declared permanently ineligible, a man without a tournament, and he disappeared from tennis. They didn't fool around in those days.

Nastase's most malodorous outburst came in a 1976 duel with the German Hans Jurgen Pohmann. In-

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furiated by a loud "out" call by a fan during a tiebreaker game, he launched into an acrimonious dialogue with spectators, officials and his opponent which continued for the rest of the five-set match he eventually won. Four years earlier the gifted Rumanian had nipped Arthur Ashe in a final-round set-to enlivened by towel-throwing, balls tossed at linesmen, and other aberrant displays, but he had embellished his act in the intervening years. Against Pohmann he cursed in several languages, spat, swung his racket at photographers, argued re-

*The ferociously intense Jan Kodes (below left) once upended a linesman's chair in frustration, while the intemperate Ilie Nastase (left and above) has boiled over repeatedly, most notably during this 1976 outburst*

peatedly with the crowd and flashed a digital gesture he once described as the Balkan peace sign. At the end of the match the beaten Pohmann and a furious umpire both disdained Nastase's outstretched palm, after which the two players had to be pulled apart in the dressing room. Unlike the unlamented Cochell, however, Nastase escaped with his career intact: he was suspended for 21 days and fined $1000.

The acrobatic Jan Kodes of Czechoslovakia, inevitably dubbed "the bouncing Czech," and the aggressive Billie Jean King of Long Beach and center court are two other players who have frequently turned choleric in combat. Kodes became so enraged at a call during a 1973 match with Stan Smith that he drove a linesman from his station and then kicked over his chair, as if the chair were guilty by association. King once objected so vehemently to the umpire assigned to her match with Kerry Melville, on grounds that the official had deprived her of the top U.S. ranking the preceding year, that she sulked through a straight-set loss to a player she normally whipped.

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SHARP

Differences they may have recalled, instances of sportsmanship have sporadically popped up in the U.S. championships as well, and sometimes painfully. Leading 6-5 in the fifth set of a title match with Bobby Riggs in 1940, Don McNeill took direct action to offset a bad call which went against Riggs: he walloped Riggs' subsequent serve so far beyond the baseline that there could be no doubt of his intention. Clark Graebner conceded a point he had safely won in his brilliant match with Jan Leschly when he confessed that his racket had ticked a ball which flew over the baseline. Roscoe Tanner overruled a linesman's call in his favor in the fifth set of a 1976 struggle with Nastase; the point proved to be crucial to Nastase's ultimate victory.

No American tennis player ever dominated the competition as Helen Wills Moody did. Coming into the 1933 U.S. championships the dark-haired stroking machine from Berkeley had gone seven years on American courts without losing a set, a record untouched before or since. Helen's string would finally unravel at Forest Hills in that De-

[illegible] her semifinal win over England's Betty Nuthall, and in the finals over her famous third-set default to fellow Californian Helen Jacobs. The semifinal with Nuthall was memorable for another reason: for the first and only time in the recorded history of the U.S. Nationals a player served two consecutive games.

The player was Moody, but the accidental hoon of serving twice in succession turned out to be no help at all. Helen had lost the first set 6-2 and had moved out to a 3-1 lead in the second when she served the first of the two games. The Englishwoman broke her to make the score 3-2 Moody. After they changed sides the poker-faced Moody called for the balls, toed the baseline and commenced serving the next game. No one—neither the players, the 13 officials, the press nor the spectators—realized that anything was amiss until Nuthall had broken through again to draw even at 3-all. Suddenly there was a flutter of activity in the marquee seats: the ubiquitous Dr. Ellsworth Davenport, president of the West Side Tennis Club, rushed out to the umpire's chair. Play was halted as Davenport [illegible] with umpire Ro[illegible] the crowd hurried. The players, mystified by the sudden [illegible] walked over to the [illegible] who the officials told them what had happened.

The hastily-consulted rule book said that if an out-of-sequence game was completed before the mistake was discovered the score remained as it stood, and the players were to resume their serving rotation as if nothing had happened. Nuthall graciously accepted official apologies—she had, after all, won both games in question—and retreated to the baseline to serve for the first time in three games. Moody promptly broke back and ran out the second set 6-3, going on to win the third 6-2. A half hour after the match the victor was still not altogether convinced that she had served two games running. "They had better have somebody watch me hereafter," she allowed smilingly.

It was also in 1933—a singular year for on-court peculiarities at Forest Hills—that the great Australian Jack Crawford sipped medicinal brewater while changing courts in his unsuccessful bid for the first

*Seven-time U.S. titlist Helen Wills Moody (left) was the key figure in the oddest scoring incident in tournament annals: she was mistakenly allowed to serve two games running (losing both) in a 1933 semifinal*

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grand slam of tennis. The champion of Australia, France and England was physically depleted as he began his final-round match with Fred Perry; he said later that he had been unable to sleep for several weeks. The match seesawed back and forth: Perry grabbed the first set 6-3, but Crawford rallied to take the second 13-11 and the third 6-4, which put him only a set away from the slam. Whenever they paused at the crossover Crawford quaffed a mysterious potion concocted to give him strength. Tennis historians are still debating the exact contents of Crawford's tonic, but all agree that the mixer was iced tea; the hard stuff was either brandy or Kentucky bourbon. Whatever the elixir, it failed to do the job: Perry steamrolled Crawford 6-0, 6-1 in the final two sets and the first grand slam was left for Don Budge five years later. If liquor has ever touched the lips of another Forest Hills competitor during a match the secret remains undiscovered.

Bud Collins recalls another incident involving courtside refreshment: "Stan Smith was playing Jaime Fillol of Chile on the grandstand court in 1974, I believe it was, and it was one of those insufferably hot September days. They ran out of Gatorade in the cooler on the court, and Stan signalled his girl friend in the stands to get him some more. She tried the clubhouse, but they were out too, so she went running off toward Queens Boulevard and tried several stores before she finally found some." She returned with the precious fluid in time to help Stan to a five-set victory.

*Jack Crawford (right) lost the mens' final in 1933 despite the aid of an on-court alcoholic punch. Stan Smith (left and below) once dispatched his girl friend to Queens Boulevard in quest of Gatorade.*

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The antics of player-clowns like Frankie Kovacs and George Lott have frequently enriched the theater of the bizarre at the U.S. championships. Kovacs, who was ranked as high as second in the country just prior to World War Two, was rarely able to summon the requisite gravity for an important match. "He was plain screwy," Allison Danzig recalls. "He would do *anything* for a laugh on the court." Danzig remembers a match in Seabright, New Jersey, in which Kovacs held match point on Bobby Riggs, the reigning national champion at the time. "Kovacs ran Riggs from one corner to the other until Riggs hit a lob that just barely cleared the net. Kovacs was waiting for it, but instead of putting it away he did something crazy. He turned his wrist, made a circular motion with his racket and hit the ball up in the air. Riggs got it and won the point and the match. Afterwards I asked Kovacs why he did it. He said, 'I play tennis to have fun'."

Frankie was having fun in his quarter-final duel with Joe Hunt at Forest Hills in 1940, even though he was losing. The rumor was that Kovacs [illegible] had hot plane tickets home to Cleveland and had declared himself redundant in the tournament, but he was going out in his typical clownish style. While dropping the first two sets he amused the gallery of 12,000 by smiting the ball behind his back and between his legs; occasionally, for variety, he would toss up three balls on his serve and hit the middle one. Hunt finally ran out of patience. Early in the third set he asked the umpire to request that the crowd quiet down. It wasn't Kovacs that bothered him, he explained, but the crowd's constant tittering. The umpire passed along Hunt's plea and invited Kovacs to cease clowning. Kovacs replied with the heretical sentiment that he had always enjoyed winning and wished to enjoy losing as well. With that Hunt sat down on the turf and refused to continue.

*Frank Kovacs (left) failed to win a Forest Hills singles title but he probably had more fun trying than anyone else. The amiable Kovacs once joined Joe Hunt in a mid-match sitdown strike, another time he scissored his long white pants during a match to make shorts out of them. In 1941 he collaborated with the mayor of Tampa (above) in building an impromptu victory arch for Pauline Betz.*

Kovacs, immediately recognizing the comedic possibilities, sat down on his side of the court and pretended to be knitting. Officials converged on the court like coyotes scenting a wounded lamb, imploring the two men to proceed. Hunt said he was waiting for quiet. Kovacs tended to his knitting. After several minutes Kovacs got up, but Hunt waited several more moments for the crowd to fall silent. At this point Frankie decided to make a fight of it, plane reservation or no, and he pulled ahead 4-3. But Hunt, volleying beautifully, resumed command and seized the next three games and the match. "Kovacs was a screwball," Danzig says, "but he was never malicious."

George Lott, a fine player of the 1920's/Tilden era noted especially for his artistry in doubles, was a Danzig favorite. "George played a match at Forest Hills once in a Chinese coolie hat," he recalls. "It was a sticky day, and the red dye in the hat began to run as George perspired. But he kept it on, with his big ears sticking out underneath. By the third set the color was running down his face and he looked like a Comanche in war paint."

If Kovacs was the merriest competitor in the history of the U.S. Nationals, Art "Tappy" Larsen, the 1950 champion, was undoubtedly the most superstitious. The slight, blond Larsen was a loosely-assembled network of jittery motions and quirky notions. The nickname "Tappy" derived from his be-

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lief that fortune would smile on him if he tapped an assortment of objects a certain number of times. During a match he would tap the baseline, the net, the umpire's stand and sometimes his opponent. He insisted on changing sides on the opposite side of the court from his foe. In common with Betty Stove and several other high-ranking players he avoided the chalk lines in between points as if they were slumbering rattlesnakes. Off the court he indulged in a daily ritual of selecting the day's lucky number and then donning and shedding his clothes as

many times as the number prescribed.

Larsen prepared for his 1950 championship final with Herb Flam by staying up all night—"too worked up to sleep," he explained. He demonstrated another of his foibles during the match: instead of hunching and leaning forward on his toes to return service, Larsen loitered in the backcourt like a man awaiting a subway train—he stood erect with his feet together and his racket pointed down at the turf, relying on his agility and quick reflexes to get the ball back. Tappy won in five inelegant sets characterized by deferential serves, backcourt scampering and the frequent arrival of both men at the net simultaneously. One spectator was heard to observe that "the only good service out here today is in the dining room."

Larsen's superstitions were outstanding chiefly because of their curious nature and the intensity of his devotion to them. Dozens of other players have appeared on court in their lucky shirts, socks or shoes, confident that the anointed garment would carry them through. Ron Holmberg, a burly belter from the 1960's, selected one ball from each set of four, recognizing it by markings visible only to him, and tried to serve exclusively with the chosen sphere.

For most of the six decades the U.S. national championships have been contested at Forest Hills and now Flushing Meadow the tournament has been a serene, self-contained island in the urban sea of New York. The stresses and strivings, the collisions and upheavals of the untidy world beyond the gates have rarely intruded on the courts. Even politics, which has dogged the Olympic Games, the Davis Cup and other international events, has surfaced infrequently at the tournament, most notably when the Czech star Martina Navratilova announced her defection to the U.S. in 1975 and when a band of demonstrators protested the participation of South Africans in 1977.

But violence and even death have visited the arena in spite of its insularity. As Big Bill Tilden and Little Bill Johnston were playing the second of their six U.S. title matches in 1920 a small military airplane made repeated passes over the court. Inside the plane an Army photographer was taking pictures which the Army planned to use for recruiting purposes. Both the spectators and the players—who were just beginning the fifth set—stared at the whining little craft as it dropped to 500 feet on its first pass. The plane climbed and dipped down even lower on its second pass, then buzzed the court twice more as the fans watched in growing irritation. After the fourth pass the plane soared upward once more, but then levelled out as the crowd noticed a change in the engine sound. For a moment the plane seemed to glide, then it suddenly nosed into a tail-high dive and plummeted toward the jammed grandstand. The plane slammed into the ground only 200 feet from the stadium, killing the pilot and photographer instantly. Spectators rushed to the exits to gawk at the wreckage.

The impact of the crash was so great that Tilden could feel the ground shake. The umpire, fearing panic, quickly asked Johnston if he could continue playing. "Yes," he replied. "How about you, Bill?" the official asked Tilden. "Right," Tilden responded, turning to walk back to the baseline to resume serving. Tilden calmly hit his cannonball first serve and went on to win the fifth set—and the first of his seven national singles titles on grass.

*Bill Tilden (below), who won seven U.S. grasscourt championships in the 1920s, was probably the most graceful and theatrical of the great American players, but Art (Tappy) Larsen (left) was by all odds the quirkiest. Larsen, who beat Herb Flam in the 1950 finals, believed that victory was certain if he tapped various objects a mystically-divined number of times on match days.*

Skip now to 1977, the final year the tourney was played at Forest Hills, and a third-round match between teenaged sensation John McEnroe and ninth-seeded Eddie Dibbs under the lights. A few moments after the two squared off there was a sudden flurry of activity near Portal 8. Unknown to either of the players or most of the nearly 7,000 fans a 33-year-old spectator had been shot, mysteriously struck in

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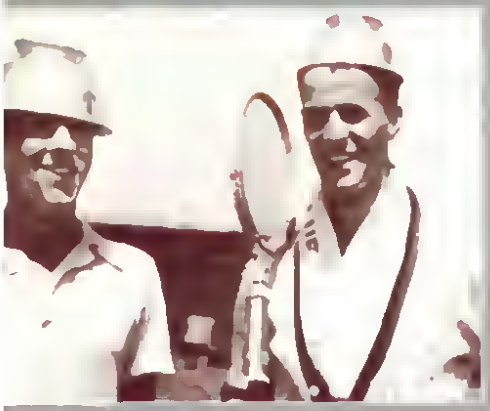
the thigh by a .38-caliber bullet. Play was suspended while the wounded man was removed from the stands. Since no one had reported any disturbance or argument prior to the shooting it was presumed that the gunman was a sniper in a nearby building, but the phantom assailant of Forest Hills was never caught. Tennis buffs wondered whether the particularly ugly atmosphere of the 1977 championships—there was a bomb threat and a sit-down protest by aggrieved spectators as well as the anti-*apartheid* picketing and the shooting—might have inspired the incident, but the question faded with the 1978 move to Flushing Meadow.

The annals of the offbeat at the U.S. championships offer few hints as to what oddities may lie ahead, only the assurance that something peculiar is bound to happen. One thin clue may nevertheless lurk in a recent development, the proliferation of on-the-scene coach/advisor/managers for the top players, the function that Pancho Segura performs for Jimmy Connors, Lennart Bergelin for Bjorn Borg and Ion Tiriac for Guillermo Vilas.

Last year may have offered the first example. As Vilas and unseeded Butch Walts were laboring through a long five-setter eventually won by Walts, Butch's father Ken Walts grew increasingly peeved as he saw Tiriac sending illegal signals to his man Vilas. The elder Walts finally moved to a chair two seats away from Tiriac and proceeded to stare fixedly at the offending guru for the remainder of the match.

**By Donald Dale Jackson**



*Tennis as theater—pathos and despair, comedy and absurdity—is illustrated by this gallery of champions: (top, L to R) an irritated Chris Evert, Guillermo Vilas and coach Ion Tiriac, a mortified Ken Rosewall; (above) clowns Don McNeill and Frank Kovacs, the oppressed Billie Jean King, John McEnroe. Jimmy Connors appears to be stomping a net into submission (left) while Rod Laver confronts an invisible foe*

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# Fine, like good wine

*At 38, Willie Stargell is still a vintage hitter and has led the Pirates into first*

It had not been a productive game for Willie Stargell. The steaming fastballs of Houston's J. R. Richard and the muggy Pittsburgh air limited him to a single hit in four trips to the plate. This modest effort made the 38-year-old Stargell the target of some abuse from the very immodest Dave Parker, who loudly suggested that the Pirate captain should ease into a less demanding line of work. "Hey, Pops," Parker shouted, "maybe you should start taking it easy. You're not getting around on the fastball anymore."

Stargell isn't buying any of that talk these days, and with good reason. While Parker may represent the future of the Pittsburgh team, Stargell is its heart and still a very important part of its present. After a fine 1978 season in which he batted .295, hit 28 home runs, drove in 97 runs and earned the National League's Comeback Player of the Year award, Stargell has been even more productive this year. He has spearheaded the Pirates' drive to the top of the league's Eastern Division with a .295 batting average, 22 homers and 56 RBIs. And he has made only one error in 75 games at first base. In his 17th season, Stargell is convincing everyone that, like the fine wines he collects on his baseball travels, he is getting better with age. Well, almost everyone.

"Pops Stargell? He can't hit, can't run, can't throw," says Parker, "but I love him anyway. He means a tremendous amount to everyone on this ball club. He's our leader, our stabilizer and, for me, my baseball father."

The key to his success, Stargell says, is hard work and an old-fashioned approach to the game that shows in a variety of ways. He refuses to wear a batting glove, even when the weather is cold. When he steps into the batting cage before each game, he does so with a specific purpose in mind, unlike other players who make batting practice an impromptu home-run derby.

The 6′ 2″, 225-pound Stargell uses his first round of swings to loosen and stretch his massive shoulders. This is also the reason that during games he windmills his bat while waiting for the pitcher's delivery. On his second turn in BP, he tries to rocket hits to all fields. On later turns he finally unlimbers his home-run stroke, driving balls to the most distant portions of the stands. When he is home at Three Rivers Stadium, some of the blasts touch down close to the markers in the upper deck in rightfield that designate the landing sites of his most prodigious shots. That's evidence enough that his strength has not diminished. When the game begins and he is facing the rapid fire of a pitcher like Richard, Stargell will use a bat that is one ounce heavier than usual to avoid committing himself too soon on pitches. Although this is contrary to convention, Stargell says it works—usually. "It's an old trick I picked up from a pretty good player," he says. "Roberto Clemente."

Stargell learned his lessons from the master well, because since Clemente's death in December 1972, Stargell has been the man who has epitomized the offense-minded Pirates. His career statistics—.282 and 451 homers—are impressive, but even more striking have been his numbers the past two seasons, coming as they have after disappointing performances in 1976 and '77.

Stargell's troubles began on May 24, 1976, when it was discovered that his wife, Dolores, needed immediate surgery for a blood clot in the lower part of her brain. Understandably, baseball became less important to him, as he spread himself among his wife at the hospital, his three children at home and his job at the ball park. The months his wife spent on the critical list destroyed the concentration that has always been essential to his game. He finished the season hitting .257, with 20 homers and 65 RBIs—respectable figures, but his lowest run production since his rookie year, 1962. "The '76 season was hell, capital H-E-L-L," says Stargell. "I couldn't concentrate. I could only see Dolores with all this equipment strapped on her, and my mind drifted quite a bit."

After his wife underwent a series of successful operations and began her rehabilitation, Stargell suffered ailments of his own. Midway through spring training in 1977, he developed an inner-ear malady that sidelined him for the first two weeks of the season. In July, while

*continued*

*Willie's all smiles because of a corking good year.*

trying to break up a fight between teammate Bruce Kison and Philadelphia's Mike Schmidt, he pinched a nerve in his left elbow—and ended his season. His 63-game totals were a .274 batting average, 13 home runs and 35 RBIs.

Despite these setbacks and surgery to correct the pinched nerve, Stargell came to spring training in 1978 with renewed determination. Winter workouts and participation in a Nautilus training program convinced him that he was ready for a comeback, even if no one else agreed. However, Stargell was more disappointed than pleased with his play last season.

"I felt I should have hit .300 with about 30 homers and 100 RBIs, so for me it wasn't a good year," Stargell says. "I know there were some people saying I was through, but nobody remembered to ask me about my feelings on the subject. They just summed things up in their own words. People don't realize that there are a lot of emotions in baseball or how much pride and deep feelings are worth."

Stargell, who has long been an institution in Pittsburgh and still favors the city over the suburbs, finds the praise that his resurgence has drawn "a little embarrassing." He downgrades his comeback by crediting it to an old secret—"closing my eyes and swinging hard."

A more likely explanation for the resilience of the Pirates' alltime leading home-run hitter ("I'd have about 600 if I hadn't played seven years in Forbes Field") is that he and his teammates are, as usual, fighting for the division title. Living up to their reputation as free swingers, the Pirates have batted .279 since the All-Star break and their 20–10 record during that period moved them 1½ games ahead of Montreal by the end of last week. "I probably would have retired long ago if we hadn't been contenders all these years," Stargell says. "It helps to have a cause to shoot for, to have everything on the line. I run my best race down the stretch."

Whether he is making a stretch run or mugging it up with the Pittsburgh fans, as he did on a recent Camera Day, Stargell's pleasure comes from enjoying life and helping others to do the same. He is chairman of the Willie Stargell Foundation, which sponsors many activities for children in the area and is active in the fight against sickle-cell anemia. When Stargell is asked to sign an autograph, he does so willingly, and he makes the occasion even more memorable for the fans by engaging them in conversation.

Stargell's view of baseball is refreshingly down home. "We're only *playing* out there," he says. "If we have to concentrate so damn hard that we can't have fun, we may as well put on a suit, sit in an office and give dictation to some secretary—that's how a business should be run. When I lose the desire to go out there every day, then I'll let some other excited youngster enjoy it. Until then someone will have to take it away."

Clearly, that time is not at hand. "When I think of old, I think of 300-year-old sheep," Stargell says. "It's a shame people dwell on age, because they give in to it. People said I was washed up, but if I think I'm qualified to do something, nothing's going to hold me back. If I quit because I let someone influence me, it would eat my heart out."

So nobody is pushing Pops aside, not the pitchers in the National League, not even Dave Parker.

## THE WEEK

*(August 5-11)*

**by STEVE WULF**

**NL EAST** It wasn't even September, but there was Pittsburgh's other lefthanded first baseman, John Milner, being carried off the field on the shoulders of his teammates in a wild celebration. Milner had just pinch-hit a mammoth grand-slam home run off Tug McGraw to give the Pirates (5–3) a dramatic 12–8 win over Philadelphia in the first game of a doubleheader in Pittsburgh. The Pirates won the second game 5–2 to move ahead of Montreal into first place. McGraw was the victim of another Pirate slam, by Ed Ott, six days later. That homer came in a game that saw Pittsburgh overcome an 8–0 Philadelphia lead to win 14–11. McGraw's two big gopher balls—along with two other bases-loaded shots he allowed earlier in the year—put him in the record book alongside Detroit's Ray Narleski, who is the only other pitcher to give up four grand slams in a season.

After the Phillies' sixth straight loss, Manager Danny Ozark was feeling a little depressed. "I blame myself for everything that's happened," he said. "I don't know what else can happen, other than me taking a hike." Ozark stayed put, however, as Philadelphia (4–4) righted itself by taking all three games from the Expos. Montreal lost one of those games on a ninth-inning error and another by surrendering five unearned runs. In the same series Mike Schmidt hit his 39th homer, a career high. A crowd of 63,346, the largest in the regular season in the Phillies' history, came out to see a doubleheader with the Pirates. Philadelphia made the hometown fans happy with a victory in the first game on Bud Harrelson's single in the 12th, but Pittsburgh won the nightcap 3–2.

St. Louis (7–2) edged to within five games of the Pirates before Chicago stopped the Cardinals' seven-game winning streak. The Cards picked on the scrawny Mets for four wins, and then swept a doubleheader from the Cubs, 13–8 and 5–3. Bob Forsch won twice and John Denny pitched a two-hitter, but the biggest boosts came from Jerry Mumphrey and Keith Hernandez. Mumphrey hit .586 with nine RBIs, three of which came on an inside-the-park homer. Hernandez went 16 for 36 with five doubles and 10 RBIs to take over the lead in the league batting race with a .342 average. Lou Brock had four hits, leaving him four short of 3,000.

Steve Dillard had a grand total of two home runs in four previous seasons with the Red Sox and Tigers, so his show of power for the Cubs (4–4) came as a considerable surprise. Dillard hit three homers, drove in nine runs and batted .478. Manager Herman Franks, who installed Dillard at second base when Ted Sizemore stopped hitting, remained unimpressed. "What's the big deal?" Franks said. "I hit .667 one day."

The Expos (3–5) were puzzled over the disappearance of Ross Grimsley, at least the Ross Grimsley who won 20 games for them last year. The Mets chased him twice, the second time after only a third of an inning, and his record fell to 8–8. The bright spots for Montreal were four homers in four days by Ellis Valentine and Rusty Staub's first home run for the Expos since he left Montreal eight years ago. The Mets (2–7) sank to 18 games out of first. Craig Swan's seven-hitter broke a five-game losing streak.

**PITT 66–49 MONT 63–49 CHI 60–52**
**ST.L 59–54 PHIL 60–57 NY 47–66**

**NL WEST** With only 137 shopping days left, Houston Pitcher Joe Niekro had a thought: "Winning 20 games sure would be a nice Christmas present for my parents. A division title would be nice, too." Niekro and the Astros (3–2) both made Christmas Club deposits last week. Niekro's 2–1 victory over Atlanta made him the first pitcher to win 16 games this season, and Houston stayed 4½ games ahead of second-place Cincinnati. Joe's brother Phil could give their parents a matching present because he has 14 wins for the Braves. Unfortunately, Phil also has 15 losses, which means he could become the first National Leaguer since Irving Young of the 1905 Boston Beaneaters to win 20 and lose 20.

Generous Joe Niekro also had a present

*continued*

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[1] New Haven is but one example of organized anti arson efforts proving their worth Seattle, Washington has reduced arson by 30%, *Tampa Florida by 47% in just two years'*

[2] New Haven's crack Arson Squad is made up of city investigators, prosecutors, and the police and fire departments Cities with divided anti arson forces all too often fail to detect or convict the culprits

[3] Ætna is supplying funds to establish two model anti-arson programs for New Haven ($97,000) and for the California District Attorney's Association ($140,000) to develop manuals for national distribution on how to prosecute arsonists successfully We've hired John Barracato, one of the nation s foremost arson experts whose credentials include Deputy Chief Fire Marshal of New York City, to coordinate our anti-arson efforts To learn how you can help your city, write to John Barracato at Ætna Life & Casualty, Hartford, CT 06156

[4] Connecticut recently passed some of the toughest arson laws in the country, and Ætna is working hard to get such laws in other states This effort needs the help of every citizen

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To top it all off, Monte Carlo also gives you the comfort of mid-size roominess. And that, according to the EPA Interior Volume Index, is something else those compacts and subcompacts can't match.

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for Astro Reliever Joe Sambito. Sambito gets a free dinner every time he saves one of Niekro's victories, and he earned his fifth freebie for his performance against Atlanta. "I like to help Joe," said Sambito, who's seven years younger than the 34-year-old Niekro. "It reminds me of helping my father with the lawn." J. R. Richard didn't need any assistance in beating the Dodgers for the 10th straight time, 4–1. He allowed six hits, struck out 12 and drove in two runs. In an earlier 3–2 win over the Braves, the Astros set a club record with seven steals—by five different players—even though they only had 11 base runners.

There was good news—and bad news—for Cincinnati(4–2). George Foster, out with a pulled muscle since the All-Star break, hit four balls into the stands during batting practice and pronounced himself ready to play this week. But the Reds also learned that .316-hitter Ken Griffey would be lost for the season with a strained knee. Actually, the pitching staff didn't need either one of them as it allowed only 11 runs in six games. Frank Pastore, recently recalled from the minors, won twice, Mike LaCoss gained his 12th win with a four-hitter, and Bill Bonham two-hit Atlanta 3–1. In the process, Bonham stopped Bob Horner's hitting streak at 20 games, the longest in the league this year. Horner's hitting hadn't been of much help anyway, because the Braves (1–5) lost 14 of the 20 games.

Los Angeles (5–2) moved up to fourth, 2½ games out of third, as Don Sutton won twice and set Dodger records for strikeouts (2,494) and shutouts (50). The Giants (3–4) ended a five-game losing streak by winning three in a row. Ed Whitson seven-hit the Dodgers 7–1, Vida Blue returned to form in a 3–2 win over San Diego, and John Curtis drove in three runs and got the victory in a 10–7 defeat of the Padres. San Diego (2–3) benefited from John D'Acquisto's first shutout since 1974 and a four-hitter from Randy Jones, but still fell to fifth place. Ray Kroc, who owns the Padres among other franchises, thinks he has a solution. "I am thinking of firing all of our scouts," he said.

**HOU 68–49 CIN 64–54 SF 55–62**
**LA 52–64 SD 52–65 ATL 46–71**

## AL EAST

Just a few hours earlier Bobby Murcer had delivered a moving eulogy at the funeral of teammate Thurman Munson in Canton, Ohio, and two innings before he had brought the Yankees (3–3) to within one run of Baltimore with a three-run homer. Now, with runners on second and third and none out in the bottom of the ninth, Murcer came to bat against Tippy Martinez. After two quick strikes, Murcer reached out for a low-and-away fastball and lined it into the leftfield corner to give New York an emotional 5–4 victory. Later in the week the Yankees lost two of three to the White Sox and blew a 6–4 lead in an 8–6 loss to the Orioles (2–4). Baltimore had earlier snapped a four-game losing streak by beating Milwaukee 3–2.

There were no surprises in the *Boston Herald American* poll that asked who was to blame for the Red Sox' second-place standing. After receiving 44% of the votes, Manager Don Zimmer said, "I knew *I* had a lock on it. I was like Secretariat. I won wire to wire." Nobody was complaining when Boston (5–3) took a doubleheader from Milwaukee 7–2 and 19–5. Or when the Red Sox trounced the Indians 12–3. But Fenway fans were howling when Boston dropped a doubleheader to Cleveland 6–4 and 8–2. Even so, the Red Sox were the only team in the division to play better than .500. With five home runs, Fred Lynn increased his total to 31 to take the league lead from Jim Rice, whose three homers gave him 30.

Following the horrendous doubleheader loss to Boston, Milwaukee Captain Sal Bando told his teammates, "Scatter when you leave the ball park. That way, the grenade won't get us all." The Brewers (3–4) got a measure of revenge later in the week by beating the Red Sox 9–6 in 10 innings.

Cleveland (4–4) stayed at .500 with good pitching from Len Barker, who beat his old team, the Rangers, twice, and Dan Spillner, who left the bullpen long enough to pitch a six-hit complete game victory over Boston. After Aurelio Lopez of Detroit (4–5) pitched 11⅓ innings of relief over six days, Manager Sparky Anderson gave him the weekend off, instructing him to put a first baseman's glove on his throwing hand so he wouldn't use it. Toronto (2–4) had a three-hitter by Tom Underwood and a four-hitter by Dave Stieb.

**BALT 76–38 BOS 70–44 MIL 67–50 NY 61–53**
**DET 59–57 CLEV 58–58 TOR 35–80**

## AL WEST

Richie Zisk hit two home runs and a double, and Pat Putnam went 4 for 5 with a pair of homers. Some more performances like those and Zisk and Putnam could end up in Cooperstown. Unfortunately for the Rangers (3–6), Zisk and Putnam *were* in Cooperstown—on Doubleday Field, to be exact, where the fences are short and the games don't count. Texas wasted 12 runs in a win over San Diego in the annual Hall of Fame game, and then proceeded to lose five of its next six real games and drop from second to fourth. The Rangers are 8–17 since the All-Star break, and they could use a day off to rest and regroup. They played three doubleheaders in four days and spent their "off day" in Cooperstown.

While Texas fell, Kansas City (6–1) rose from the ashes. Hal McRae, back in action after missing 51 games with a shoulder injury, went 11 for 31 with 13 RBIs, three home runs and three doubles. The Royals scored 56 runs during the week, including 11 in the seventh inning of a wild 16–12 win over Toronto. Kansas City also beat the Tigers four times, in the process sweeping its first doubleheader in nearly two years.

The fans are calling Jim Fregosi "Magic" for the way he has kept the Angels (4–3) in first place despite a heavily populated disabled list. Fregosi may not need his wand much longer, because his pitching staff should soon be intact again. Chris Knapp, sidelined for two months with a herniated disc, has been reactivated, and Nolan Ryan, out since July 25, tested his arm and will start next week. Even Frank Tanana, who hasn't pitched since June 10 because of tendinitis, vowed he would be back for the stretch drive. The Angels still had their bats. Don Baylor raised his major league-leading RBI total to 104; Rod Carew and Brian Downing kept hitting (their batting averages were .344 and .332, respectively); and Dan Ford batted .469 for the week.

American League hitters won't have Matt Keough to kick around anymore, at least not as a starter. A's Manager Jim Marshall sent the hard-luck pitcher to the bullpen for his own safety after the Angels beat him 8–1. The loss dropped Keough's record to 0–14, tying him with Joe Harris of the 1906 Red Sox for the worst season's start. The defeat was Keough's 18th straight, stretching back to last season, bringing him to within one of the league record. The rest of the Oakland A's (3–4) still had a decent week—for them—as Dave Revering hit five home runs and Mike Heath was twice a late-inning hero.

### PLAYER OF THE WEEK

**DAN FORD:** The Angel outfielder batted .469 with 10 RBIs and two home runs, and eight of his 15 hits were consecutive, tying Manager Jim Fregosi's club record. Ford also joined Fregosi as the only Angels to hit for the cycle.

Minnesota (5–3) gained half a game on California, thanks to Mike Marshall's three saves and Ken Landreaux' .548 hitting. The next three weeks will determine whether the Twins are contenders or pretenders, because they will be playing 20 straight games against the Orioles, Red Sox and Yankees.

Chicago (4–2) had won only seven of 41 previous meetings with the Yankees, but the White Sox came bouncing out of their latest three-game series with two wins as Tex Wortham won the rubber game 5–1 on a two-hitter. Seattle Manager Darrell Johnson told reporters he had a secret ingredient for success. "Brewers' yeast has made me a better manager," he said. But after the Mariners won only two of six, Johnson decided to add wheat germ to his diet.

**CAL 66–51 MINN 61–53 KC 60–55**
**TEX 60–56 CHI 51–63 SEA 49–68 OAK 35–82**

by Sam Moses

# A thriller at Silverstone

*In a wheel-to-wheel duel with a superb English cyclist, Kenny Roberts of the U.S. won the British Grand Prix, all but clinching a second consecutive world title*

Two minutes before the start of motorcycling's British Grand Prix on Sunday at venerable Silverstone raceway, world champion Kenny Roberts' heart was in his throat. His 500-cc. Yamaha was at the back of the starting grid, at the edge of the track, its left side covered with oil. Roberts was on his knees beside it, desperately wiping oil off his rear tire that had sprayed there when a clutch seal popped on a warmup lap.

With only one other race remaining in the world-championship series, Roberts had but a seven-point lead over Suzuki rider Virginio Ferrari of Italy, his sole remaining challenger for the '79 title. When he won last year Roberts was the first American and first rookie ever to do so. Now he saw a second championship slipping away.

"Where's the clip?" Roberts shouted frantically to his mechanics. "Where's the clip?!"

His voice was easily heard because the crowd was silent, its hush serving to heighten the tension. The start of a European road race is eerie anyway. The riders stand poised next to their bikes, their engines dead. The starter drops the flag, and that swish is the first sound of the race. The riders' footfalls are heard next as they push their bikes to get them fired up in what is known as a run-and-bump start.

Still on his hands and knees as the other 41 riders tensed, Roberts thought, "They're going to start without me!"

"O.K.! Enough!" he shouted to his crew as they finished replacing the seal. He pushed his bike to the front of the field—he had set a qualifying record—and once in position he barely had time to exhale in relief before the flag dropped.

Twenty-eight laps later, after the most exciting Grand Prix of the season, Roberts was the winner by the margin of a wheel over Englishman Barry Sheene. With only the French GP at LeMans on Sept. 2 remaining, Roberts had all but clinched the championship; he needed only a single point in France.

Kenny Roberts, 5' 6" and 133 pounds, handsome and square-jawed, has nerve beyond comprehension to most men. He also has a sense of balance so precise as to be phenomenal and an instinct for high-speed cornering uncommon even among motorcycle road racers. To many observers he is the greatest motorcycle racer ever.

Roberts went to Europe to race because there were no more challenges for him in the U.S., where he was in a class by himself. He arrived at the first European Grand Prix last season in a motor home, its cupboards stocked with peanut butter and jelly from home, its closet crammed with blue jeans and cowboy boots. With him were his pregnant wife, a 5-year-old son and a 2-year-old daughter. Continental riders were disdainful To be sure, this was not the mile oval at the San Jose Fairgrounds. *This* was road racing on circuits that take years to learn, circuits Roberts had never even seen before. Why, the American didn't even have a full factory contract. (He had approached Yamaha for one and had been rejected.) Dreamer, the Europeans said knowingly.

Inexperienced though he was in the ways of road racing, Roberts won three of the first five Grand Prix events. And with help from his mentor/mechanic, Kel Carruthers of Australia, a former 250-cc. champion, he went on to win the world championship in the final race of the season, on Germany's infamous Nürburgring circuit, the most difficult in the world. Roberts even made believers of the Japanese; Yamaha signed him to a fat contract for the 1979 season.

When the new world champion arrived in Europe this year, he was again greeted with skepticism, but for an entirely different reason. In February, while testing in Japan, Roberts had crashed at high speed.

"I was doing everything right, I wasn't going too fast," he says. "I leaned the motorcycle over, I leaned it over some more, and I just lost it. The front tire went and I was down. At 120 miles an hour you can't say what happened. You can say it was rider error, you can say it was a worn tire, you can say the track was slippery. All I know is I was down."

Roberts slid into a guardrail tail first and compressed two vertebrae, fractured his left ankle and ruptured his spleen. He spent three weeks in a Japanese hospital and another in an American hospital, all the time in an upper-body cast. It was the first time he had ever broken a bone in his eight-year career, a truly remarkable record and a testament to Roberts' racing judgment.

After Roberts was discharged and cut out of the cast, he hobbled around his house in Modesto, Calif. in agony, strapped in a cumbersome back brace. He was there when Sheene won the first Grand Prix of the 1979 season in Venezuela on March 18, which was every bit as painful to Roberts as his back. Roberts arranged a test session at a California track several days after his brace came off. He was apprehensive as he gingerly mounted the Yamaha, but after 17 laps he pronounced himself fit and packed his motor home for Europe.

His first race was the Austrian Grand Prix on April 29. Wearing a foam back support under his racing leathers, Roberts led from start to finish. Three more Grand Prix victories followed. In each race he wore the back support, as he would at Silverstone.

"Breaking my back was something for me to overcome, to make me go on, to make me better than I was," he says. "Before the race in Austria, they asked me

continued

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*it's simply a matter of good taste.*

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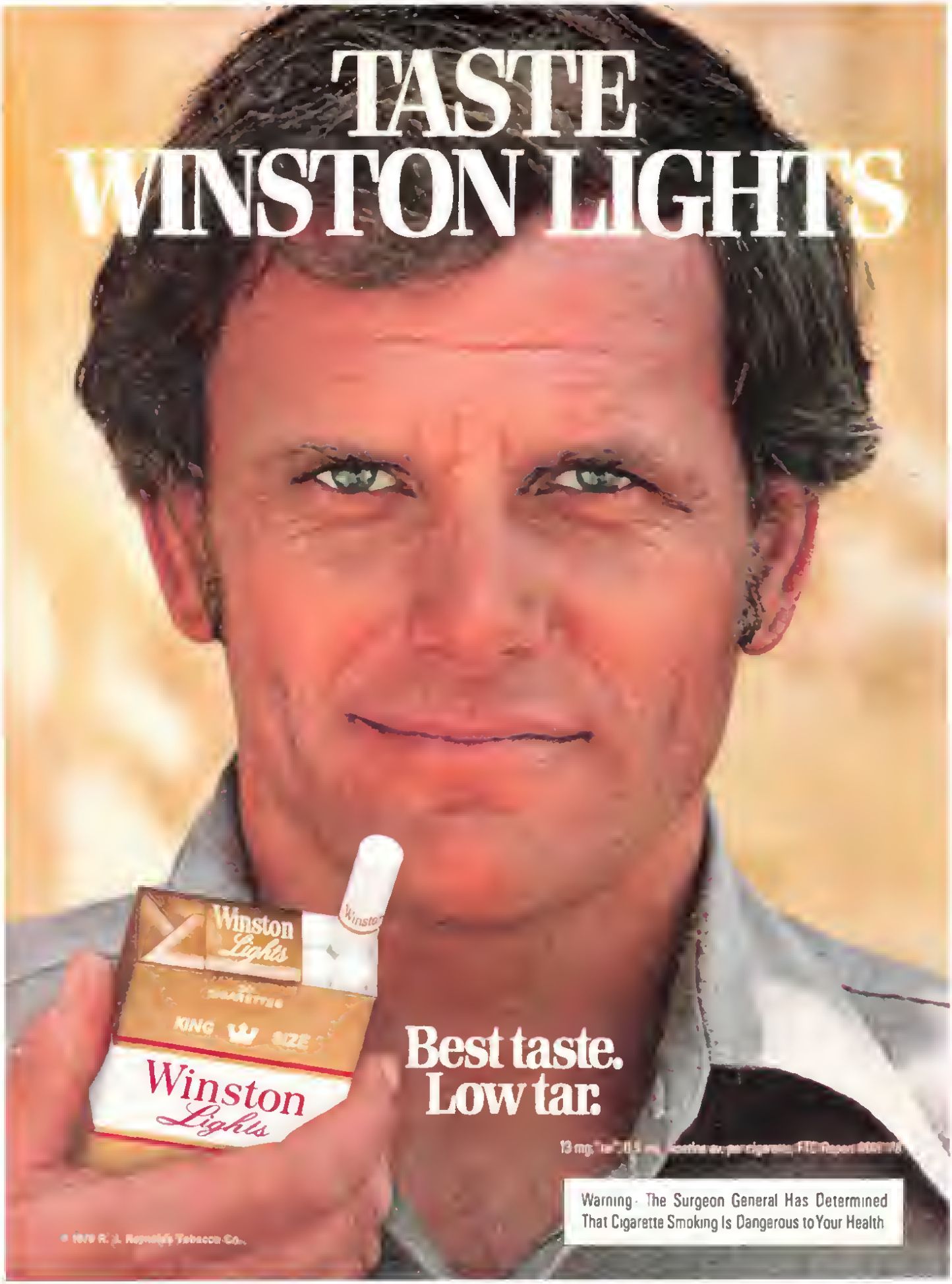
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if I was going to go as hard, and I said 'No, I'm going to go harder.' "

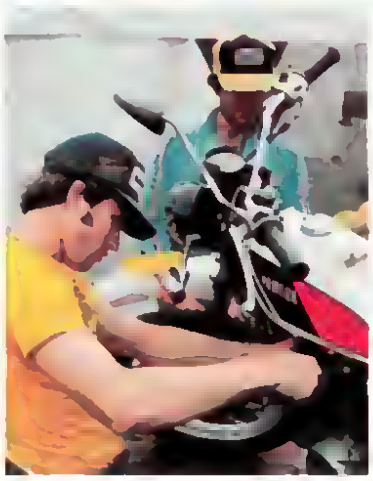
Roberts grew up in Modesto, among cowboys and farm workers. He was more or less rowdy, rowdiness being more or less a way of life among cowboys and farm workers. He is not the same man today, a world champion at 27, as he was as an American champion at 21—at the time, the youngest ever. But even then he had enough self-discipline to keep his talent intact. The early '70s were ripe years in American motorcycle racing; Roberts was only one of a handful of young riders with dazzling natural ability. But the others lacked his good sense, and the excitement of life in the fast groove led to trouble. Some took drugs, most found ways to burn themselves out. One—he had *such* talent—blew his brains out.

Roberts' European forays have further matured him—a great deal in the last year. The challenge has stimulated him to exercise his intelligence, which is keen. One reason he is so much better than other racers is that he *thinks* so much about his racing. Often he can be seen amid some mild commotion, oblivious to it, sitting as if in a trance, thinking about gear ratios or shock absorbers or tire compounds. Sometimes he retreats to his motor home and laps a circuit in his head, drawing curvy lines on his thigh with a finger, moving his lips as he memorizes his braking and shifting points like an actor going over his lines. Most of all he thinks about where the limit is—how far he can lean his Yamaha before he flops at 150 mph.

As if life on the ragged edge of tire adhesion, a damaged back and the pressures of defending a world title weren't enough, Roberts and his wife have separated, and in July he was put on probation by the sanctioning organization of Grand Prix racing for refusing to race on a track he felt was unsafe. "I don't even want to think about any of it anymore," he said one day in his sanctuary, the motor home. "Right now the probation is the farthest thing from my mind; my divorce is the farthest thing from my mind. I have to force myself to stop worrying about them. After the season I'm going to take a vacation, go to Hawaii or something, just bum around and stay in fancy motels and go out to dinner every night. I've never done anything like that in my life."

What he did Sunday, though, he has often done—thrilled a crowd. Silverstone is the kind of fast, smooth circuit on which Roberts shines. After a slow start Roberts was fifth at the end of the first lap. Then came his second scare of the day. He hit a patch of oil marking the spot where a rider had fallen earlier, and his Yamaha went into a slide. Recovering from that close call, he passed Ferrari, who was having engine problems, and moved into third, directly behind Sheene and Wil Hartog, a Dutchman Roberts calls Hotdog. Those three left Ferrari far behind.

Roberts briefly took the lead on the fourth lap, passing both Sheene and Hartog. Satisfied that he could get by them, he backed off and stayed close. "I wanted at least one of them to go by," said Roberts later. "You wear your mind out leading in a close race." His only problem was the oil left on his gloves from the pre-race trouble. It caused the throttle to slip in his hand.



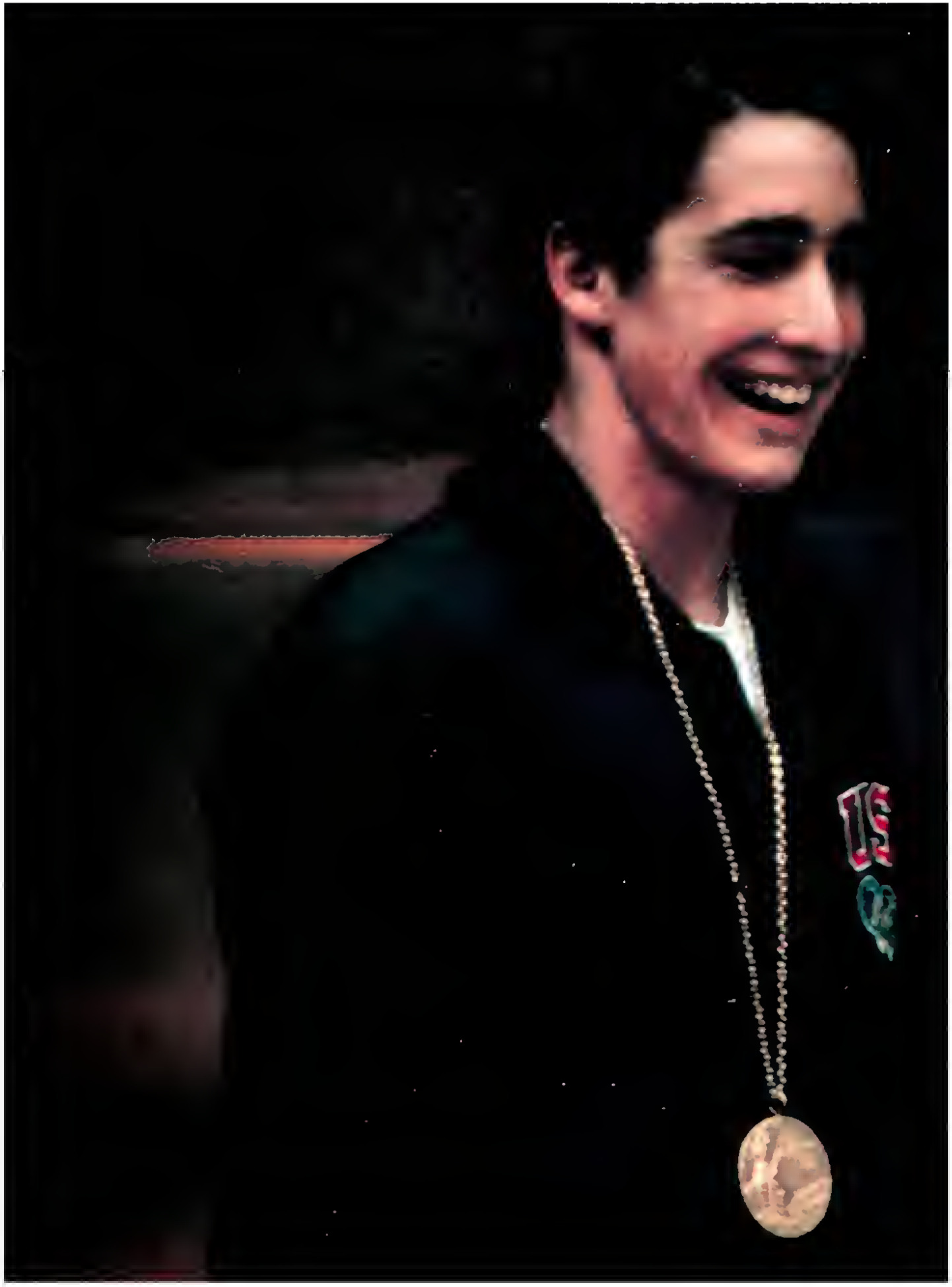
*Roberts leans into a turn at Silverstone (above) He is equally intense working on a street bike*

As Roberts and Sheene pulled away from Hartog, it became a two-man race. On the back straight at 150 mph they could be seen motioning at each other with their free hands. Once they brushed fairings in a turn.

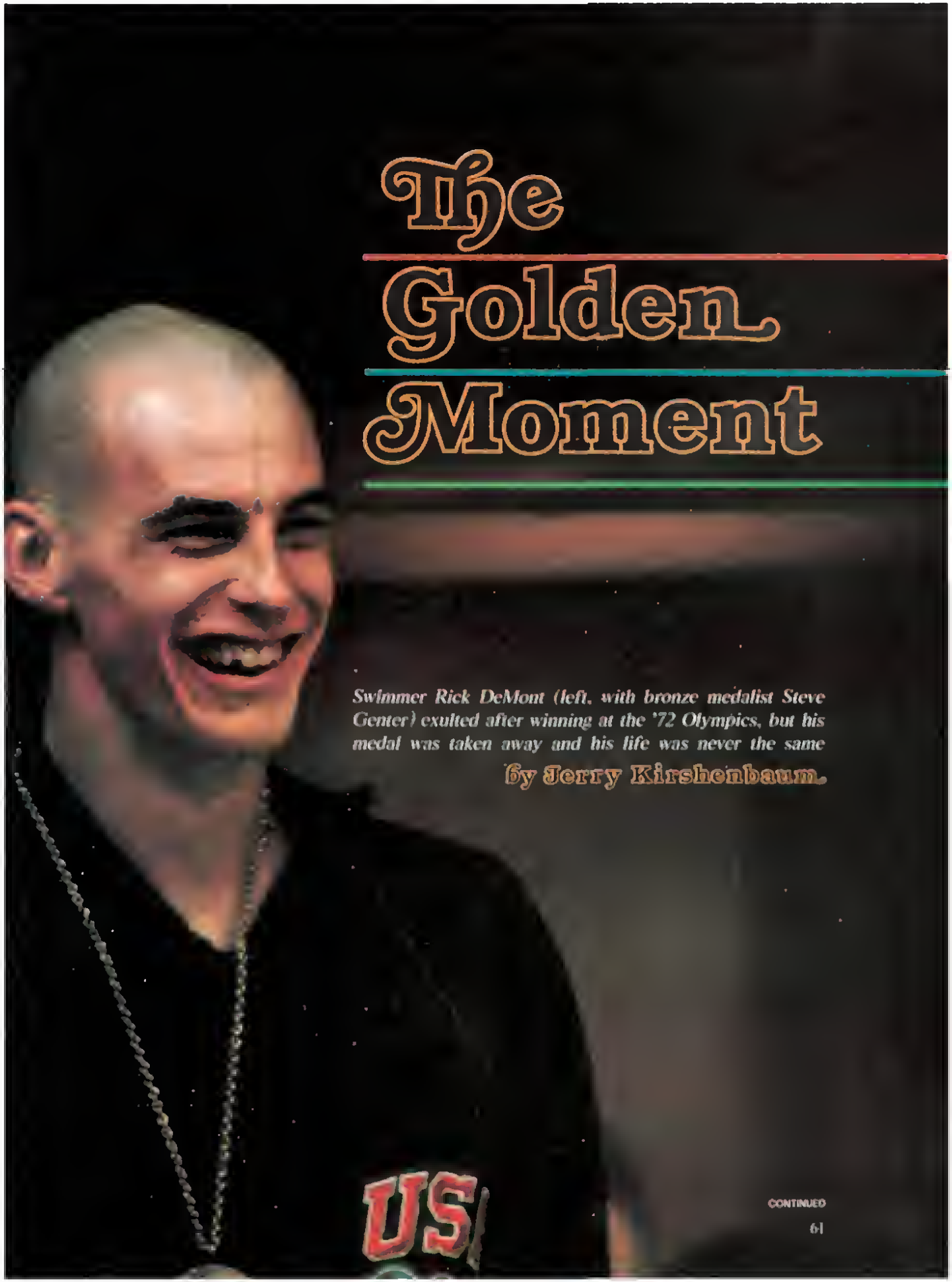
Roberts led at the start of the last lap and glanced over his shoulder at Sheene, who was ready to strike. The Briton wanted desperately to win before his home fans, who just as desperately wanted him to win. On the final turn, a 130-mph bend that sweeps toward the grandstand on the front straight, Sheene made a valiant move on the outside, coming within an inch of the edge of the track and also within a wheel—.03 seconds—of catching Roberts. "It might as well have been three laps," said Sheene, who has twice held the world championship.

"Last year I just wanted to show them all in Europe, make them say, 'Hey, these Americans are just as good as anybody else,' " Roberts has said. "*I* knew I could beat them"—Roberts held his hand over his heart—"but if I was the only one I had to prove it to, I could have just said I'm the best and stayed home. That's not my style. My style is to try as hard as I can, just to hear them say I did it.

"Well, I did that, but then I had the crash and they were saying, 'He'll never come back this year.' " Now he is just one point away from making them believers for the second year in a row. **END**



# The Golden Moment




*Swimmer Rick DeMont (left, with bronze medalist Steve Genter) exulted after winning at the '72 Olympics, but his medal was taken away and his life was never the same*

by Jerry Kirshenbaum

CONTINUED

*Now 23, a hopeful DeMont is back in the swim and aiming for the Moscow Olympics*

Michael Nicholas, the co-owner of Tucson's Gekas-Nicholas Gallery, tells of meeting Rick DeMont for the first time a few weeks ago: "He came by with his portfolio and I felt that he had potential as an artist, so I agreed to show his paintings. Then I asked him about himself. He told me he'd been an Olympic swimmer, but he didn't go into details."

DeMont picks up the narrative: "I told Michael I'd swum in the Olympics and he said, 'Well, that's not going to sell any paintings.' That was fine with me. Swimming and painting are separate parts of my life."

Several of DeMont's paintings now hang in Nicholas' gallery, including watercolors depicting Arizona's big-sky country and a large landscape in oils in which the hills look like canned peaches and the clouds like mounds of Redd-Whip. Although DeMont's signature is prominently displayed in the lower right-hand corner of each painting, few visitors to the gallery have recognized the name. Nicholas was right: the fact that DeMont swam at the Olympics is not going to sell any paintings.

But then, what good has DeMont's Olympic experience *ever* done him? Olympic buffs, unlike art fanciers, will have little difficulty identifying DeMont as the distance swimmer who was stripped of one gold medal and deprived of a shot at winning another at the 1972 Olympics. He had taken an asthma medication that had been prescribed by his personal physician, and he had duly listed it on a medical history he had filled out for the U.S. team doctors. DeMont was 16, the youngest member of the U.S. men's swim team at Munich, but swimming achievements are so ephemeral that within 18 months he no longer dominated his specialties, the 400- and 1,500-meter freestyles. After that he continued to show up at meets but was lucky to get into the consolation finals. He had become a melancholy figure who kept to himself and went all but unnoticed. He failed to make the 1976 Olympic team and his swimming career appeared to be over. Indeed, his life as a distance swimmer *was* over.

What happened next might best be told to the accompaniment of a trumpet fanfare. As they get older, stronger and inclined to take life a bit easier, distance swimmers frequently gravitate to shorter distances, but when DeMont reemerged as a sprinter in 1977, it seemed too late for him to be exercising this particular option. Nevertheless, by the end of that summer he had established himself as one of the world's top performers—perhaps the top—in the 200-meter freestyle. After this stunning comeback, his luck turned sour, illness

slowing his progress during his final season at the University of Arizona. Then last summer he decided not to compete. But now, at 23, a ripe old age by swimming standards, DeMont is training with Tucson's Conquistador Aquatic Team and will compete in this week's AAU championships in Fort Lauderdale. And he says that come next summer he may shoot for a berth on the U.S. Olympic team. DeMont's best chances figure to come in the 200 free and the 800 free relay; he may also take a shot at the 100 free.

Don Swartz, who coached DeMont for six years at Northern California's Marin Aquatic Club, says, "I believe that Rick has a chance of making the team, and if he does, he can win." His present coach, the Conquistadores' Dick Jochums, says, "Rick's got the talent, that's for sure, and after what he did in '77, I'd have to say he's got a shot." Peter Daland, coach of the U.S. Olympic men's team in 1972, disagrees. "There are a lot of young swimmers coming up and it's going to be difficult for a '76 Olympian to make our team, much less a '72 Olympian." Then he adds, "But I'd like to see Rick do well. The world owes him one."

That sentiment is widespread. Discussing DeMont's disqualification at Munich, one indignant American official told reporters, "It's spelled with a capital 'd' and a small 'm' and it's pronounced robbed." He erred—the "m" is capitalized, too—but the conviction that DeMont was severely wronged in Munich is shared by Dr. Claude A. Frazier, an allergist in Asheville, N.C., who has never met DeMont but has written nearly 600 letters to newspapers, Olympic officials and medical groups in hopes of getting DeMont's gold medal returned. However, the International Olympic Committee says that the case is forever closed and U.S. team doctors at Munich, who have been generally blamed for DeMont's woes in 1972, say he will have to bear most of the responsibility himself. Choose up sides, please; the case of Rick DeMont, the only American besides Jim Thorpe to be stripped of an Olympic gold medal (Thorpe won two golds in track and field in 1912 but had to surrender them when it was discovered he had played professional baseball), is still capable of arousing passion.

*DeMont asks Tucson gallery owner Nicholas what people are saying about his landscape.*

DeMont himself generally manages to steer clear of the controversy, just as he has succeeded in paddling out of his sport's mainstream. Now a strapping 6′ 2″ and 185 pounds, three inches taller and 35 pounds heavier than he was in Munich, DeMont has set himself apart from the sport's well-scrubbed golden boys by training in a full beard, an adornment he planned to shave off for this week's AAU meet. He also eschews the pampered country-club existence led by many swimmers in favor of what he calls a "cruisy life-style," one more suited to, well, a track man. He sleeps on a waterbed in a friend's house in Tucson, periodically forswears eating red meat and likes nothing better than to join friends for a pitcher of beer and a game of pool at a local haunt called The Shanty. The parents of his girl friend, an ex-swimmer who lives in Phoenix, consider him an unreconstructed hippie, and his father, a dentist in San Rafael, Calif., who sends him $100 a month pocket money, mildly complains that Rick lacks "direction."

*continued*

*The perspiring young painter works "en plein air" on Arizona's Lemmon Mountain.*

But DeMont feels that swimming and painting give him direction enough. He spends two hours a day in the water and at least twice as long with brush in hand. He completed his final credits toward a degree in art at Arizona this summer. Bruce McGrew, a professor of art at Arizona who has taken DeMont under his wing, says, "Rick is in a formative stage but there's something definitely there. You hear about boxers and other athletes who paint and they're usually awful. Rick isn't any Sunday-afternoon painter. His talent is at a high level."

DeMont credits his absorption in art with helping him come to grips with his 1972 disqualification, a trauma he spoke of one sweltering morning while driving toward the cool mountains northeast of Tucson, where he intended to do some painting. A sharp-featured but sleepy-eyed figure, he spoke of his past troubles calmly and somewhat distantly, almost as if they had happened to somebody else.

"After Munich I felt like a total loser," he said, his eyes fixed on the long, straight road ahead. "I was afraid to face my friends, and all I could think of was, why did this happen to me? I was afraid that every time I got on the starting block people were thinking of me as some kind of speed freak, and I'm sure that's one reason my swimming went bad. I was just sort of going through the motions in swimming, my heart wasn't in it. I was praying that God would bless me with a gold medal at Montreal to make up for the one I lost at Munich."

DeMont swerved to avoid hitting a squirrel. He looked back and saw with relief that he had missed it, and continued. "The fact that I went through a lot of heavy stuff may be why I'm still swimming. It made me get my thoughts organized, even if it took seven years to do it. Now I realize I don't want to lead a swimmer's life, where you live at home and have your mother cook for you and sleep all day. I'm swimming for myself for the first time and not for coaches, team or parents, and I'm actually enjoying swimming. But that's also because it's become just part of my life, not the whole thing. My art is much more important to me now."

Soon DeMont was sitting among the towering pines near the summit of 9,180-foot Mount Lemmon, facing a gurgling stream that he had chosen as a subject. His watercolors neatly laid out beside him, he painted in silence, oblivious to the ants crawling across his bare back. Pausing at one point to stretch, he said, "This is how I want to lead my life. I just want to be outside all day and paint."

During the drive home, DeMont said, "For a long time I had trouble talking about Munich because I get angry about how I got burned. I still don't dwell on it and that's why I didn't go into it with Michael at the gallery. But now I can handle it. I realize it's going to stick with me and that even if I win a gold medal at Moscow, it won't change anything. I'll still be the guy who lost his gold medal. It would give me great satisfaction to win in '80, but I couldn't swim with vengeance in mind."

Was DeMont burned in '72? Seven years later, that question remains difficult to answer dispassionately. Yet even if the case is closed, a review seems worthwhile. For one thing, it provides a useful reminder that doping rules exist in the Olympics and that it is shockingly easy for athletes to run afoul of them. Also, it shows that the IOC has yet to abandon some of the muddled procedures—and thinking—that led to DeMont's disqualification.

Growing up in San Rafael across the Golden Gate Bridge from San Francisco, DeMont enjoyed going into the woods to hike and train falcons, but, because he suffered from hay fever, he often returned with puffy eyes and welts. He also suffered from asthma and was allergic both to wheat—he ate rice and soybean bread—and to fur, which obliged him to remain at the door when visiting friends with cats. The asthma did not, however, prevent him from swimming. DeMont was an age-group hotshot and he emerged as a world-class performer on a perfect Olympic timetable. In April 1972, two weeks before his 16th birthday, he came out of nowhere to place third in the 1,650-yard freestyle at the AAU short-course championships in Dallas and establish himself as a contender for the Munich Games.

Although nobody knew it at the time, he was also on a collision course with the IOC's new doping rules. For many years athletes had been turning increasingly to drugs in hopes of enhancing their performances; as a consequence, the IOC introduced urine tests in a limited way to detect doping at the 1968 Olympics. However, not until 1972 did such testing become routine. For the Munich Games, the IOC issued a long list of banned substances, mostly stimulants and pain-

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killers, but only by generic names. It took some doing to find out that such commonplace over-the-counter preparations as Visine eyedrops, Coricidin D cold tablets and Vicks lozenges contained forbidden substances. Because of this, the ordinary athlete could only make sense of the list with the aid of a doctor.

However, like many other doctors at the time, DeMont's allergist was unaware that a dope list even existed. Dr. Patricia M. Clark had begun treating Rick at the age of four and had prescribed weekly allergy shots. But Rick continued to suffer attacks of wheezing, at least two of which required emergency adrenaline injections. For milder attacks, Dr. Clark prescribed medication containing ephedrine, a decongestant then commonly prescribed for asthmatics. Among the drugs DeMont took containing ephedrine or related compounds were Tedral, Actifed and Sudafed. In 1971, at the AAU championships in Houston, he suffered a severe asthma attack that the meet doctor successfully treated with Marax, another medication containing ephedrine. On DeMont's return to San Rafael, Dr. Clark prescribed 50 tablets of Marax to be taken singly "every six hours as necessary, for asthma," a prescription that was filled on Aug. 31 at Rutherford's Pharmacy in nearby Mill Valley. During the next year DeMont apparently used most or all of these tablets, because on July 27, 1972 the prescription was renewed. When he left for the Olympic Trials in Chicago a few days later, Dr. Clark decided to temporarily discontinue the allergy shots. But DeMont took along Marax, Actifed, Sudafed, salt pills (to relieve cramps) and vitamins.

As Clark, DeMont and a lot of other people would soon learn, ephedrine, one of the components of Marax, was on the IOC's banned list. It is a stimulant that, while milder than amphetamines, can in sufficient quantities cause heart palpitations and insomnia.

Powered by a slow but efficient stroke and a deep kick that enabled him to accelerate late in a race, DeMont overtook Mike Burton and John Kinsella, the one-two finishers at the 1968 Olympics, to win the 1,500-meter freestyle at the Olympic Trials in a world-record 15:52.91. He also qualified for Munich in the 400 free as runner-up to Tom McBreen. After the Trials he and his new Olympic teammates were taken to the Twin Bridges Marriott in Arlington, Va., where they received uniforms and underwent physical exams conducted by the U.S. medical staff headed by Dr. Winston P. (Pete) Riehl of New Orleans.

The athletes had to fill out medical histories, and DeMont wrote that he suffered from asthma—which he misspelled "athsma"—as well as a variety of allergies. On a line asking for "all medications which the candidate now takes," he itemized Marax and each of his other medications. DeMont was then processed by one of Riehl's assistants, Dr. Harvey O'Phelan, the team doctor for the Minnesota Twins and University of Minnesota. Immediately after the Games, Riehl claimed that O'Phelan had expressly warned the swimmer that some of his listed medications contained banned substances but O'Phelan himself says that he issued the athletes he processed no more than "a general warning" about banned drugs.

"I don't specifically remember DeMont, but I told all the people I examined not to take any drugs unless they checked with us," O'Phelan, an orthopedic surgeon, says. "It's safer that way. If you start singling out drugs they can't take, they might assume ones you don't mention are O.K." O'Phelan also acknowledges that he made no effort to discuss with DeMont control of his asthma, again preferring a general plea—in this case, that in the event of problems in Munich, all athletes should come to the U.S. medical clinic in the Olympic Village. Nor did O'Phelan or anybody else on the U.S. medical staff consult the IOC to arrange acceptable substitutes for the ephedrine-containing drugs on DeMont's form, which they might have done. Then what purpose did the form serve? "It was just a routine history," O'Phelan says.

But if the form was not taken seriously by the U.S. doctors, it was by DeMont, who says, plaintively, "Our coaches kept telling us in Munich not to take any medicine unless it had been cleared by the doctors. I figured that since I listed Marax on the form, it was cleared."

The contretemps involving DeMont occurred because of the Marax he took to alleviate a wheezing attack he says he suffered after going to bed Thursday, Aug. 31, the night before the 400 freestyle. The next evening he won the gold medal in that event in 4:00.26, just one one-hundredth of a second ahead of Australia's Brad Cooper. Under the procedure followed at the swimming competition, the three medalists and other swimmers chosen at random left urine samples at doping control. That seemingly routine matter over, the ecstatic DeMont returned to the Olympic Village with his gold medal.

On Saturday the IOC Medical Commission learned that DeMont's sample had tested positive for ephedrine. He faced the loss of his gold medal in the 400 and there was the further question of whether he would be allowed to swim the 1,500, which was coming up on Monday. Illogically, the IOC proceeded to approach those questions in reverse order, its medical commission scheduling a hearing for Monday on whether he could swim the 1,500.

U.S. doctors were suddenly and belatedly very interested in DeMont's medical history, and one of them phoned Rutherford's Pharmacy in California. "I was shocked to death to have a doctor calling from Munich," recalls owner George Hoyle. "The doctor asked me who had written the prescription, what the dosage was and what Marax contained." That last inquiry would raise the question of whether any or all of the U.S. doctors were familiar enough with Marax to have warned DeMont about it.

DeMont's first intimation of trouble came on Sunday when a swim-team manager confiscated his medicine, which was on his dresser. Before the day was over DeMont swam a heat in the 1,500 to qualify for the finals. He also was questioned about his medication by USOC officials, one of whom, Patrick H. Sullivan, recalls that DeMont said he had taken one Marax tablet. Eventually, however, DeMont signed a letter declaring that in light of "new information," he now realized he had taken two Marax tablets—one between 1 and 2 a.m., another at 8 a.m.

DeMont was on the spot, but so were the U.S. doctors. It was their task to help defend DeMont at the Monday hearing, yet almost anything they might say in his behalf would implicate themselves. And they were understandably troubled by word from the IOC that, based on the amount of ephedrine detected in DeMont's system, he must have taken more

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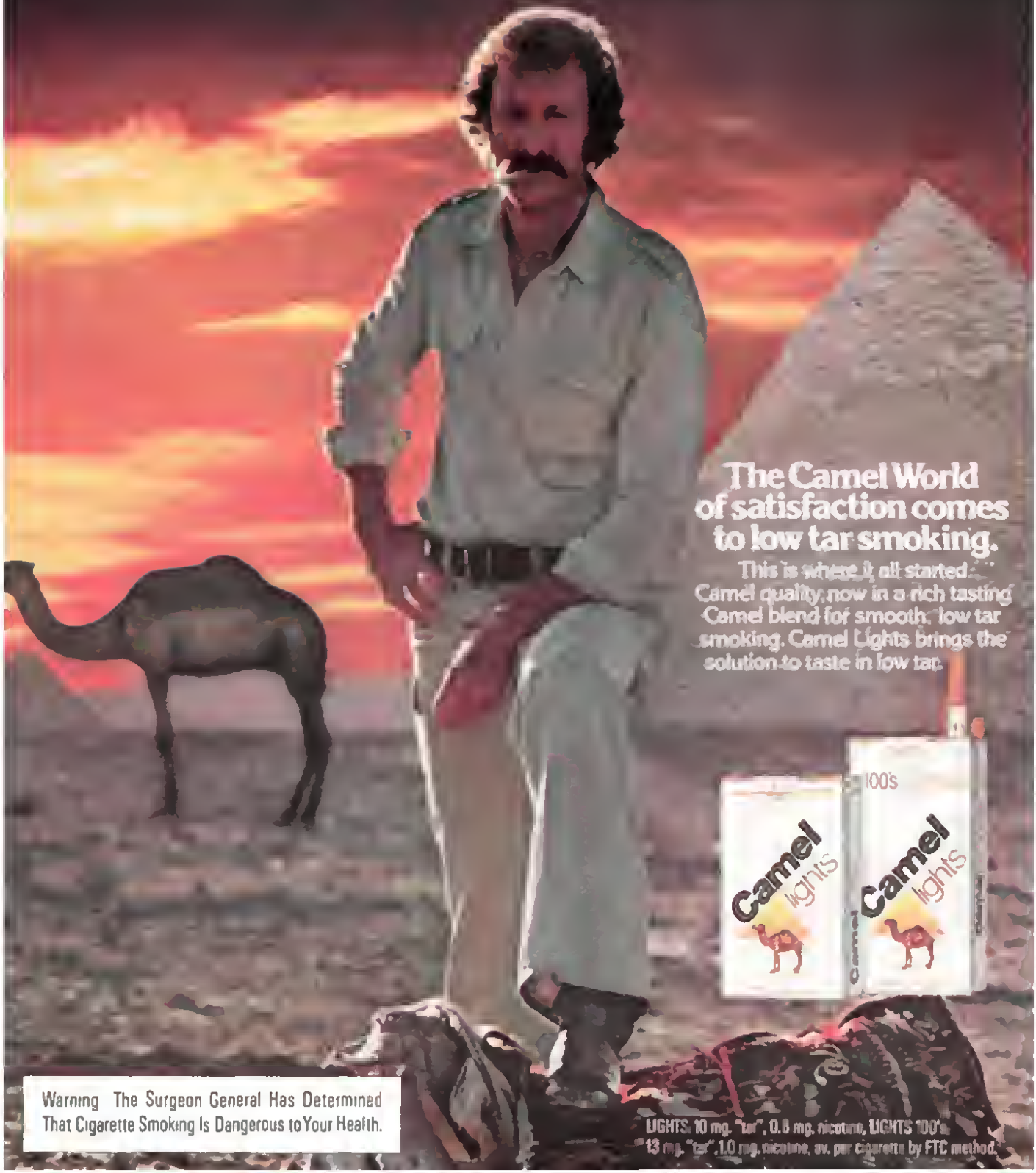

than one or two tablets—or at least taken them closer to the time of his race. By this time they viewed DeMont as "a 16-year-old who had problems following instructions," as Riehl now puts it. During the 45 minutes that they waited in a lounge for the hearing to begin, Riehl did not talk to DeMont.

DeMont remembers that when the hearing began, the Soviet member of the IOC medical commission, Dr. Nina Grayewskaya, "questioned me over and over, doubting what I said." The U.S. member, Dr. Daniel F. Hanley, was scarcely any friendlier. Hanley also was chairman of the USOC committee that had chosen the American doctors—which put him in an awkward position, too. And as he now relates, he had been deeply troubled by conflict in DeMont's testimony on the question of dosage.

The same question also troubled the commission chairman, Prince Alexandre de Merode of Belgium, who says today, "If there had been just a trace of ephedrine, there could have been room for discussion. But it was such a high concentration." But de Merode, a layman, also felt that DeMont had been ill-served by U.S. team doctors. He says he specifically asked the American doctors why they hadn't notified the IOC that DeMont was asthmatic, and one of them replied that this had been "a small mistake." The prince also tells of being quite put off when one of the team doctors testified that if the American swimmer hadn't taken Marax on the eve of his race, he would have died—a truly extravagant claim.

Without waiting for the commission to take a vote on whether he would be allowed to swim the race, DeMont left the meeting and went to the pool to warm up for the 1,500. It was the final night of swimming, and DeMont's father, unaware of the trouble, was getting ready to take movies. When word of the commission's decision reached the pool, it fell to Don Gambril, an assistant U.S. coach, to convey the bad news to DeMont. In a choked-up voice, he said, "Sorry, no go." DeMont then watched in a daze as 25-year-old Mike Burton, the winner at Mexico City four years earlier, won in 15:52.58, shaving DeMont's world record by .35. DeMont tearfully congratulated him.

Mark Spitz won his seventh gold medal a little later, but DeMont's disqualification still was big news. Besieged by reporters, de Merode said, "A 16-year-old boy was made to pay for the sins of people who should know better." He also said, "The persons accompanying the athlete should be punished since they were clearly co-responsible."

At dawn the next day Arab terrorists scaled the fence in the Olympic Village and stormed the Israeli quarters, launching a 20-hour reign of terror that would end with 11 Israelis slain. But the Olympics continued and, with the siege still going on, Avery Brundage and the rest of the IOC executive board met later that day in the Vier Jahreszeiten Hotel with Hanley, Riehl and de Merode to rule on the gold medal in the 400. DeMont was not present. There were rumors that the medical commission had recommended that DeMont be allowed to keep the medal and de Merode had sounded conciliatory enough when he acknowledged that being barred from the 1,500 had been a "rather severe" penalty.

But to a certain extent, the IOC had maneuvered itself into a corner: if DeMont were now allowed to keep his gold medal in the 400, the race in which he had tested positive for ephedrine, how could the IOC justify having already banned him from the 1,500, an event in which he presumably would have been clean? It also happened that there were six other disqualifications for doping at Munich and the athletes involved might have cried foul had DeMont been spared. Nor did U.S. doctors help matters. Asked why the staff had taken no action after DeMont listed Marax on his form, Hanley lamely replied that he hadn't seen the form, neatly sidestepping the fact that O'Phelan, while processing DeMont, *had* seen it. Hanley also was asked whether he would accept full responsibility for DeMont's troubles. His unhesitant answer: no.

*Temporary employment finds Rick making bed frames.*

The impression in the room was that had Hanley given a positive answer, DeMont would have kept his gold medal, but Hanley today reiterates, "I said no because I *wasn't* responsible." Why the IOC couldn't simply rely on its own conclusions is a mystery. Brundage certainly betrayed no doubts when, commenting on the decision to strip DeMont of his gold medal, he told USOC officials that "responsibility for this disqualification rests on your team medical authorities, who are severely reprimanded." But only DeMont was punished. At the end of the Olympics, by which time DeMont had flown home—with his gold medal still in his possession—*another* gold medal was presented to Cooper, the runner-up.

Editorial writers in the U.S. expressed outrage over

continued

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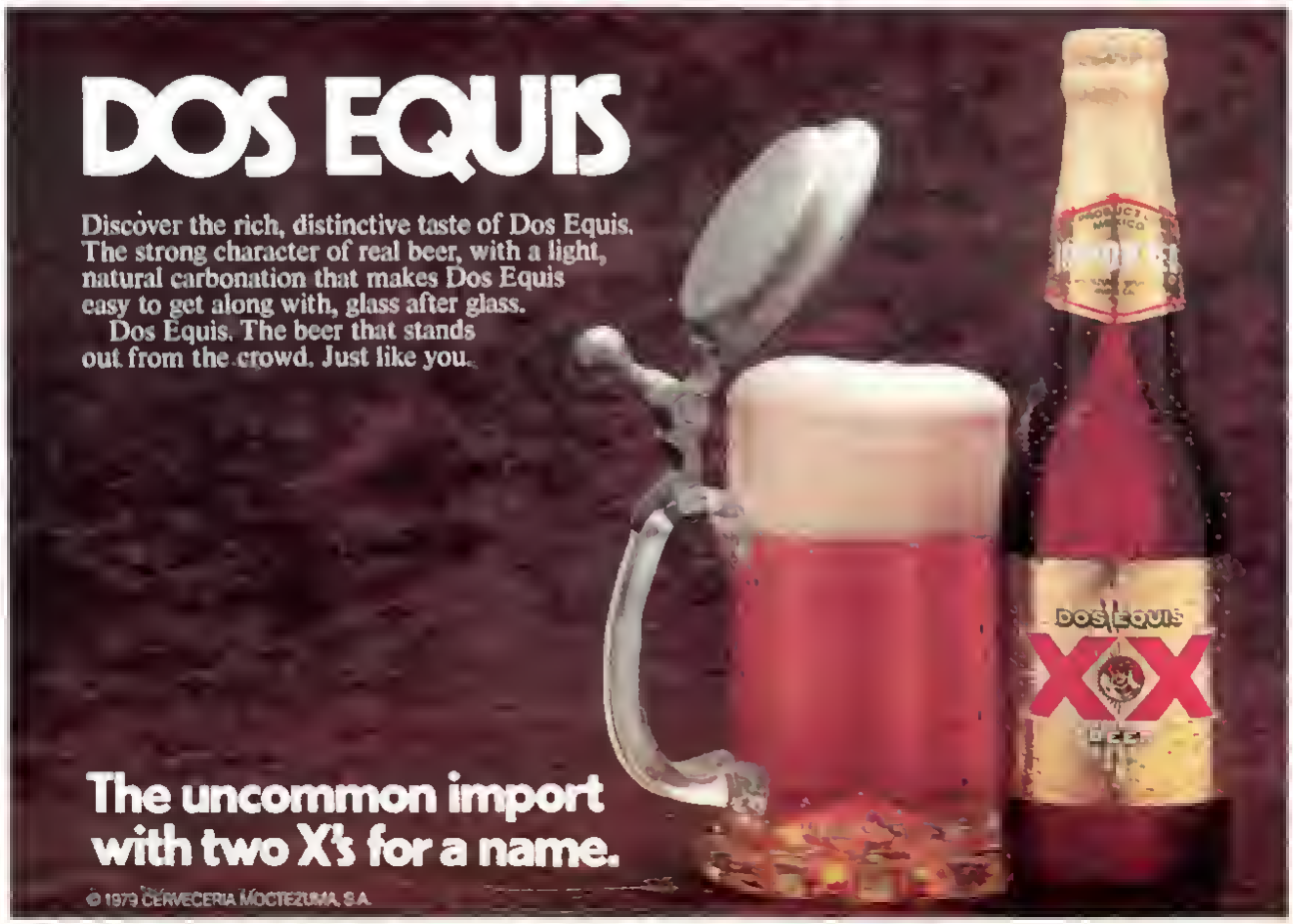
DeMont's fate and President Nixon wrote him a personal note in which he said, "Your fellow citizens still believe you fairly deserve the gold medal." And so they did—76% of them, according to a Harris poll. Under fire for general all-round bungling in Munich, the USOC board of directors echoed Brundage and held the medical staff officially to blame for DeMont's disqualification. Riehl tried to defend himself in *American Medical News*, declaring that "if we went over the contraindicated medications taken by every athlete, we would have a list as long as your arm." Several doctors wrote and assailed him, one accusing him and his assistants of having been "derelict."

Riehl, a pleasant, crew-cut man, holds others responsible. Discussing the case recently in his office at the Tulane University Health Service, which he heads, he charged, for example, that Dr. Clark, DeMont's personal physician, "wasn't as sharp" in anticipating trouble as the allergist who treated DeMont's fellow Olympian, Jim Ryun, also an asthma sufferer. Reaching into an airline bag in which he keeps records pertaining to the DeMont case, Riehl fished out a letter in which Dr. Jay Keystone of Santa Barbara, Calif. asked USOC doctors before Munich to determine whether Ryun's medications contained any banned substances. Riehl next attacked the swim coaches, saying, "We asked them time and again to check and double-check what drugs their athletes were taking."

However, Riehl reserved his heaviest criticism for DeMont. Claiming that DeMont was not a "chronic" asthmatic, Riehl said the swimmer had previously taken Marax only at the Olympic Trials in Chicago, which, if true, would suggest that he was using it only at moments of athletic stress. "I'm in a difficult position because it appears that I'm trying to make a 16-year-old boy look bad," Riehl said. "But there's always been a question in my mind of how much asthma DeMont had to begin with, and whether he knowingly or unknowingly took the medicine in the belief he was getting a high out of it."

It would be a dramatic development if, after seven years, Riehl turned out to be right and his many detractors wrong. But many of his arguments are flawed. Dr. Keystone, who treated Ryun, says that he contacted the USOC about the question of medication only after being alerted by the runner's coach, Bob Timmons. "Until Timmons talked to me, I didn't know there was a banned list and I doubt that very many other doctors did, either," Keystone says. "I think it's unfair to suggest that somebody should have known." For her part, Dr. Clark accused U.S. doctors immediately after the Munich Games of "careless and inadequate treatment," adding that, "Even more appalling was the unprofessional, unmanly attempt to cover up these errors." Today she says, firmly, "Rick was given Marax because it was the right drug for



his asthma and not to improve his performance." Riehl's charge that coaches should have checked DeMont's medication brings a similarly emphatic response from Daland, who says, "That was their job. Rick lost his gold medal because of their ineptitude."

Riehl may be clouding the issue in declaring that DeMont's asthma was not "chronic." Allergists point out that asthma is usually controllable and that even severe sufferers are often able to function normally in sports. Also, even if DeMont had taken Marax only before big races, it would not necessarily be damning; excitement or emotional stress may trigger wheezing. In any event, DeMont insists that, contrary to what Riehl says, he didn't take Marax in Chicago but had taken it on perhaps a dozen previous occasions. This would seem to be borne out by the fact that he renewed his original 50-tablet prescription before leaving for Chicago.

But why the high concentration of ephedrine in DeMont's system at Munich? Because de Merode and other IOC officials seem reluctant to say exactly how much ephedrine was found—press reports from Munich put the amount at 12 parts per million—there remains at least a faint doubt that it was high. All the same, DeMont apparently did equivocate on his story at Munich and he remains vague today, allowing that besides the Marax he ingested in the early hours of Sept. 1, he "possibly" could have taken more later in the day. Might a frightened 16-year-old have understated his intake in the mistaken belief that this would help him?

"I *was* scared to death but I really don't know exactly how much I took," DeMont replies. "When I took my medicine, I just followed the prescription and didn't think any more about it, and that's what I tried to tell everybody. I know I wasn't exceeding the normal dosage or freaking out. My race is coming up and I'm thinking, 'Wow, I don't want to be wheezing *now*.' I sure didn't feel stimulated. Those doctors were just playing with my head."

In all the talk about dosage, crucial points have been overlooked. Even if DeMont had been inclined to use Marax in the *belief* that it would help him swim faster, as Riehl at times seems to imply, it is almost unthinkable that he would have taken those pills on the day of his race had he realized that the medicine contained a banned substance, that even the slightest trace of that substance is grounds for disqualification and that all medalists were to be tested. Certainly he wouldn't have listed Marax on his form or displayed the bottle prominently on his dresser. Plainly, he didn't realize Marax contained a banned substance, a fact that can be laid to the less than thorough handling of his medical history by the U.S. medical staff.

To prevent any recurrence of what happened to DeMont, alarmed U.S. swim officials arranged to have a doctor and a pharmacologist monitor the medications used by 1976 Olympic swimmers. Consulting with the 51 swimmers at their Olympic training camps, they found them to be taking an average of 3.7 medications and nutritional supplements. Astonishingly, 16 of the swimmers were unknowingly taking substances on the banned list. In the face of such pharmaceutical overkill, U.S. doctors at Montreal did what Riehl and his associates didn't do in Munich. They carefully analyzed all medication listed on the forms, warned athletes of those containing banned substances and worked out suitable substitutions. They also required all athletes to sign statements saying they had listed all medication.

For its part, the IOC refuses to this day to acknowledge that, with the possible exception of steroids, which build muscle bulk, there is real doubt whether drugs can improve performance.

In the DeMont case, it further failed to consider that Marax also contained an antihistamine that might have all but canceled out whatever stimulating effect the ephedrine would have had. Most important, it failed to recognize that far from being a normal person trying to become supernormal, an asthmatic taking Marax might more properly be thought of as a handicapped person trying to be normal. For these oversights, the American Academy of Allergy in 1973 unanimously condemned the IOC's action against DeMont and defended the use of ephedrine by asthmatics.

After the '72 Games Dr. Clark switched DeMont to Quibron, a medication acceptable to the IOC. Meanwhile, under threat that his son might be banned from swimming, Will DeMont mailed the gold medal to the USOC. He paid the postage himself. At the 1973 world championships in Belgrade, an unwheezing, unmedicated DeMont beat Brad Cooper in the 400 free as they became the first swimmers to cover the distance in under four minutes, DeMont touching in 3:58.18, Cooper in 3:58.70. But new Australian sensation Steve Holland won the 1,500 in a world-record 15:31.85. DeMont was runner-up in 15:35.44, 16 seconds under his personal best, but he says, "Holland hurt me in a way I didn't ever want to hurt again."

In 1974 Tim Shaw eclipsed DeMont in the 400, just as Holland had done in the 1,500. After dropping out of the University of Washington, where he competed for two seasons, DeMont had the unwelcome distinction of swimming in the only men's event, the 200 freestyle, in which the U.S. failed to win the gold medal during the 1975 Pan-American Games—a meet for which he qualified only because half a dozen faster swimmers passed it up. At the 1976 Olympic Trials DeMont placed no higher than seventh in any event.

Some observers, pouncing eagerly on rumors that DeMont was using drugs, took the position that what supposedly made him swim fast in Munich was now making him swim slow. The fact that he wore his hair longer than most other swimmers and was into painting made it easier for some people to believe these rumors, as did DeMont's subsequent transfer to Arizona, whose swim team had acquired a reputation for partying that rival recruiters were only too happy to embellish. At obvious risk to himself, DeMont today faces the subject squarely.

"Because of what happened in '72 you could probably hammer me for this but, sure, I've used pot and other stuff," he says. "In eighth grade guys got high and drank whiskey from paper cups and did a lot of other raunchy things, and I was into all that, too. But I cleaned up my act long before Munich. Since Munich, well, I think there's use and abuse of drugs and I've never let it get in my way. At Arizona I doubt there were any more drugs than at any other school, but we had a guy who thought it was cool to talk about it, and that's where the bad reputation came from." At least credit DeMont for his earnestness: he says the primary reason he generally refrains from eating red meat is his belief that it

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contains too many "bogus" chemicals.

When DeMont began to struggle, it might have helped had he become a sprinter right away. However, except for the 200 he swam at the Pan-Am Games, he didn't have much experience in shorter events.

He became a full-fledged sprinter only after he began to expertment with his kick in his parents' backyard pool late in 1976. As a distance man he had kicked four beats to every arm stroke but now stepped that up to a sprinter's classic six beats and, to his delight, found, "I was moving." He enrolled at Arizona in early 1977, did well in the 100 and 200 and that summer people in swimming suddenly began asking, "Is *that* Rick DeMont?" They asked it first at the AAU championships in Mission Viejo, Calif. after DeMont placed eighth in the 100-meter free and was runner-up in the 200 to triple Olympic gold medalist Jim Montgomery. They asked it again when he beat Montgomery and two East Germans in the 200 in a big dual meet in Berlin in 1:51.62—the world's third-fastest time that year—and also swam a leg on a 400-free relay that broke the world record. And they asked it once more when he beat Montgomery and two Soviet swimmers in a dual meet the following week in Leningrad. Rick DeMont had won the 200 in the year's two biggest meets and had a world record to his credit for the first time in four years. Excitedly he said, "Sometimes you have to go all the way down to go back up."

About the only irritant for DeMont during that heady summer was a new AAU code of conduct requiring swimmers on national teams to sign pledges that they would obey curfews and refrain from drinking, smoking and sex. DeMont, who obviously had had enough in the way of inflexible rules at Munich, signed under protest—"I kind of wrote a line"—but says that the code is one reason he dropped out of swimming last year. "There are a lot of 14-year-old girls in swimming and that's who the code is supposed to protect," he says. "But why treat older guys in their 20s like babies? I'm 23 and they're telling me I can't have a beer and when I have to go to bed? Can you imagine anything like that in *track*? We could have a lot more older guys in swimming, but the coaches don't want that. We're developing a bunch of swimming clones who have a psychological dependence on the coach."

DeMont was enticed back into full training this spring mainly by the presence in Tucson of Jochums, who holds a Ph.D. in education from the University of California. Jochums had come to Arizona a few months earlier from Long Beach State and the powerful Beach Swim Club. By coincidence, DeMont had swum for him at Beach during his '77 comeback, and Jochums has since worked to improve his new team's image, to the extent of prohibiting swimmers from saying "mellow," a word he felt was too closely associated with drugs. But Jochums also is one of the few major coaches who openly oppose the AAU code, which he considers laughably unrealistic. Partly for this reason, the ranks of the Conquistadores include Tim Shaw, Robin Backhaus, Casey Converse, Steve Gregg and Doug Northway, all of whom are Olympians in their 20s.

Jochums fondly calls his team "The Over-the-Hill Gang" but admits that older swimmers tend to be lippy and often try to take shortcuts during workouts; one of his oldtimers once hid underwater in a corner of the pool, breathing through a snorkel. As a sprinter, DeMont swims only 6,000 meters a day, barely half of what he logged as a distance man. "I've got natural stamina and I'm probably best suited for the 400, but I don't want to put in the time," he says.

"But I'm way stronger than I used to be and I try to make the most of what I do. At workouts I try to put in something fast every day, but if I feel it's not there, I don't go to the pool that day. Dick's really adaptable and we try to work it out. Away from the pool, he doesn't get into your life."

DeMont seldom joins in horseplay at the pool, choosing instead to watch the antics of others with what a friend calls "his laid-back smile." Jochums says, "Rick is disciplined but it's his own discipline. If you want him to do something, you've got to give him reasons. He knows his own body and doesn't really need me. All I do is try to get him to do a little more work than he wants." At the end of a Thursday afternoon workout, after DeMont had attended several twice-daily sessions without a miss, Jochums told him, "Rick, be here tomorrow. You've got the week almost knocked." DeMont, who had been planning to sleep late the next morning, sighed. He was at the pool early the next day.

Last April DeMont was 10th in the 200-yard freestyle at the AAU short-course championships in Los Angeles, an encouraging showing considering that he was still out of shape. In June he finished eighth in the 200-meter free at the Seventeen Meet at Mission Viejo and two weeks ago placed third in the 100 free in the Santa Clara Invitational. However, he slipped to 22nd in the 200 free, failing to qualify for that event in Fort Lauderdale. But he will swim the 200 on the Conquistadores' 800 relay team and is heartened by his improvement in the 100.

'I'm going to give it an honest shot at the nationals and I think it'll be there," he says. "Then I'll decide whether to shoot for Moscow. The problem is I might go crazy and paint for a month and forget it. But if I go for it, I know I've got to work." Something DeMont apparently need not worry about is his asthma; he says he now wheezes only once or twice a year.

Despite his desire to keep them separate, DeMont's painting and swimming sometimes blur. Discussing why he continues to swim, he emphasizes the esthetic: "I enjoy being with the old guys—they're my friends—but I also like the Zen of swimming, the feeling of me and the water. You have to work with the water, not against it. You're floating, you feel cool and there are bubbles all around you. It's almost spiritual."

At the same time, DeMont seems to wish that one's merits as an artist could, as in swimming, be assayed with stopwatch precision. "The painting getting any comments?" he asked, referring to his landscape, as he breezed into Gekas-Nicholas Gallery the other day.

Between bites of a sandwich, Michael Nicholas replied, "Lots of comments."

"Good comments?"

Another bite. "Good and bad."

DeMont winced. Leaving the gallery a moment later, he paused to gaze at the painting. With only a little effort, it was possible to imagine that one of the mountains that looked like canned peaches also bore a faint resemblance to another object. It was possible to persuade oneself that Rick DeMont had used brush and paint to create his own gold medal, one that nobody could take away from him. END

"You hear the roadhouse before you see it—the amplified four-four beat of country music pounding like surf through the woods, silencing the bullfrogs, setting the beards of Spanish moss dancing on the trees that fringe the two-lane blacktop. The parking lot is jammed with pickups, most of them costly 4-WDs with customized paint jobs. Men reel and glare and slosh beer on themselves as they stagger around the veranda—skinny, sunburnt men in Levi's and workshirts, with scuffed cowboy boots and baseball caps cocked back on their foreheads to reveal the badge of the farmer: that blanched expanse of skin where the cap has shaded the face, babyhood pallor above the sun-blackened snoose-bulging jaws. Half shot with drink, they wear the faces of Confederate dead in Mathew Brady photographs."

Where did this appear? The New Yorker? Harper's? Rolling Stone? No, it's from *Goin' Nowhere Fast* by Robert F. Jones, a piece about Oakland's Kenny Stabler in Sports Illustrated, where the people in sports are as fascinating as the games they play.

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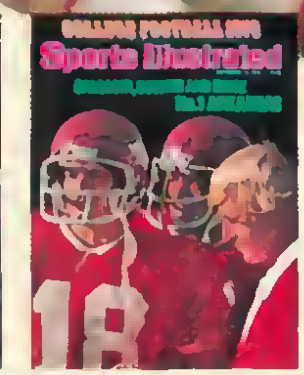


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# FOR THE RECORD

**A roundup of the week Aug. 6-12**
**Compiled by ROGER JACKSON**

**BOWLING**—WAYNE WEBB of Rehoboth Mass. defeated Jimmy Certain of Huntsville, Ala. 212–203 in the final match to win the $70,000 Waukegan (Ill.) PBA tournament.

**HARNESS RACING**—DOUBLEMINT ($4.80), driven by Peter Haughton, won the $200,000 International Trot at Roosevelt by 1½ lengths over Sweden's Express Gaxe. The 4-year-old was timed in 2:38⅗ for the 1¼ miles.

HOT BITTER ($8), Herve Filion in the sulky, won the $150,000 Adios Pace at The Meadows by 3¼ lengths over General Star. The 3-year-old was timed in 1:57.

**HORSE RACING**—IT'S IN THE AIR ($8.20), ridden by Jeffrey Fell, won the $108,300 Alabama Stakes at Saratoga by 1½ lengths over favored Davona Dale. The 3-year-old filly's time for the 1¼ miles was 2:01⅘.

**MOTOR SPORTS**—ALAN JONES of Australia, driving a Williams racer, won the Austrian Grand Prix in Zeltweg by 76 seconds over Gilles Villeneuve of Canada, who drove a Ferrari. Jones averaged 219.706 mph on the 3,672-mile course.

KENNY ROBERTS of Modesto, Calif. won the British Grand Prix for 500 cc motorcycles, at Silverstone, to come within one point of his second straight world title. (*page 56*)

**SOCCER**—NASL. On the last day of the league's regular season, the winners of two playoff berths—one each in the National and American conferences—still remained to be decided. Four teams, Rochester and Toronto in the NSC, and Philadelphia and New England in the ASC, still had postseason aspirations. One game decided the fates of all four. With Peter Lorimer scoring a goal and two assists, Toronto beat Philadelphia 4–3 and thereby earned the right to meet New York in the first round of the National Conference playoffs. Toronto's win also eliminated idle Rochester (15–15) from a berth in the National Conference playoffs against the Cosmos. Minnesota, which will face Tulsa in the first round, beat Detroit 5–3 in Bloomington, but the three goals by the Express assured them, on the basis of points scored this season, of a playoff date with ASC East champion Tampa Bay. Vancouver defeated San Jose 1–0 in overtime to clinch first place in the NSC West. Trevor Whymark scored the game-winner for the Whitecaps in the 11th minute of the extra period. Vancouver tuned up for its playoff series with Dallas with a 2–1 victory over Seattle. Washington, which dropped a 4–0 decision to Atlanta, will meet Los Angeles in the opening round. The Aztecs routed Seattle 7–1, with Chris Dangerfield getting his first NASL hat trick and Johan Cruyff adding a pair of goals and two assists. In a possible preview of Soccer Bowl '79, the Cosmos edged Tampa Bay 4–3. Giorgio Chinaglia had a goal for the Cosmos at 12:30 in the first half, but left the game when he aggravated a groin injury he suffered two weeks ago. Houston boosted its record in the Astrodome to 15–0 with a 3–1 defeat of Tulsa. Chicago, which will face the Strikers in the first round at Chicago, beat them 2–0 in Chicago and followed up that victory with a 2–0 home triumph over Atlanta. The Strikers recovered to defeat Philadelphia 4–1 on Cubillas' two goals and an assist. San Diego and California, teams with identical won-lost and total-point records in the ASC West, will play each other in the first round at California. San Diego was declared the division champion because its goal difference was better than California's.

ASL. Las Vegas Coach Raul Carrizo booted 24-year-old Forward Miodrag Lacevic off the Las Vegas Saragulls after a major brawl during a game in Sacramento, in which Lacevic kicked an opposing player, charged an official and then went into the stands and fought with a spectator. The game, which was halted in the 38th minute with Sacramento leading 4–0, was eventually awarded to the Gold by that score. In an incident-free rematch in Las Vegas, Sacramento beat the Seagulls 4–1 with league scoring leader Ian Filbey getting a goal and an assist. Filbey now has 45 points, seven short of the modern league record set by Jose Neto in 1975. Sacramento thus regained second place in the Western Division while Las Vegas ran its losing streak to six games. When the New Jersey Americans and the New York Eagles played to a 1–1 tie in Piscataway, N.J., it marked the first time in five games this season that the Americans scored a goal on the Eagles. Earlier the Eagles had beaten New Jersey 2–0 on a pair of goals by Bill Bolevic, who probably wishes he could play every game against the Americans. Of the eight goals he has scored this season, seven have come against the Americans. The Indy Daredevils stretched their winning string to three with a 4–2 victory over Las Vegas. Cleveland defeated the New York Apollo 3–2. Joe Kowalaczky getting two goals and an assist. Columbus blew a 3–0 second-half lead but hung on to beat Pennsylvania 4–3. That was not the only good news for the Magic. The league office announced that the ASL championship game, scheduled for Sept. 16, will be played in Columbus. Western leader California defeated Los Angeles 1–2 to increase its division lead to a whopping 51 points.

**TENNIS**—At the $275,000 U.S. Open Clay Court Championships in Indianapolis, JIMMY CONNORS won the men's title for the fourth time with a 6–1, 2–6, 6–4 victory over Guillermo Vilas. CHRIS EVERT LLOYD won her fifth women's title, defeating Evonne Goolagong Cawley 6–4, 6–3.

BRIAN GOTTFRIED defeated Eddie Dibbs 6–3, 6–0 to win a $75,000 Grand Prix tournament in Dublin, Ohio.

**VOLLEYBALL**—IVA. Albuquerque and San Jose, which have been mired in last place in the Continental and Western divisions, respectively, enjoyed their finest weeks. Albuquerque won three of four matches, splitting with Western Division champion Santa Barbara on the road and beating Western runner-up Seattle in four games and San Jose in three straight. The Diablos only managed to split their four matches, but the two victories came over Continental Division titlist Denver at home and Santa Barbara on the road. Despite that loss, Santa Barbara is assured of the home-court advantage in the Western Division semifinal playoff against Seattle. In the battle for the Continental Division's final postseason berth, Tucson defeated Salt Lake City twice and eliminated the Stingers from playoff contention.

**MILEPOSTS**—DIED: WILLIE KETCHUM, 75, a fight manager who handled seven world champions in four weight divisions during his 49-year career of a heart attack, in Los Angeles. Ketchum's first world champion was lightweight Lew Jenkins, who held the title from 1940 to 1941. The others were lightweight Jimmy Carter (1951–52, 52–54, 54–55), bantamweight Lou Salica (1941–42), middleweights Solly Krieger (1938–39), Marcel Cerdan (1948–49) and Ben Jeby (1932–33), and featherweight Davey Moore (1959–63).

DIED: WALTER O'MALLEY, 75, principal owner of the Dodgers for 35 years and the man responsible for the introduction of major league baseball to the West Coast, of heart failure, at the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minn. Under O'Malley's direction, the Dodgers, who moved from Brooklyn to Los Angeles in 1958, became the best-drawing—3,347,845 fans in 1978—and most-profitable franchise in baseball. The team's current value is estimated at $50 million.


**CREDITS**

14—Richard Mackson (left), Peter Read Miller. 15—Fred Kaplan. 16,17—Tony Tomsic. 18—Lane Stewart. 28—Evelyn Floret. 49—Tony Tomsic. 60—John Iacono (top), Graham Finlayson. 60,61—Heinz Kluetmeier. 62-68—Bill Eppridge. 76—Charlie Nye, Lori Borgman.


## FACES IN THE CROWD

**GUS ENVELA**
SALEM, ORE.

**JOHN SOTO**
HUNTINGTON BEACH, CALIF.

Gus, an 11-year-old sixth-grader, and John, a 9-year-old fifth-grader, established world age-group records at the Track City Classic at the University of Oregon in Eugene. Gus, competing in the Midget Division, broke his own record in the 400-meter run with a time of 56.34, .36 second faster than the mark he set three months ago. John, competing in the Bantam Division, ran the 1,500 in 4:44.8, surpassing the previous record set in 1977 by 5.2 seconds.

**MIKE BHOFF**
AUBURN, NEB.

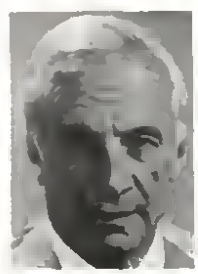
Mike, 16, defeated Jim Luzar of Minneapolis 7–6 in the final match, thus retaining his National Junior Olympic advanced (age 15 to 16) heavyweight wrestling title in Lincoln, Neb. He had a 23–5 record for Auburn High last season.

**SARB BARCLAY**
FENTON, MICH.

Barclay, 18, had a 61–5 record at Fenton High and pitched the Tigers to their second straight state Class B softball title. In two varsity seasons she threw four no-hitters, had an ERA of 1.00, and over one span ran off a 45-game winning streak.

**ALBIE SCOGGINS**
PORT ST. LUCIE, FLA.

Scoggins, 18, hit .524 as a centerfielder for John Carroll High to lead the Golden Rams to a 30–3 season and into the finals of the state Class 2A tournament. He also stole 45 bases in 45 attempts, had a 35-game hitting streak and drove in 30 runs.



**BIRCH DAVIDSON**
LANCASTER, PA.

Davidson, 60, won six gold medals at the AAU Middle Atlantic Masters Swim Championships in State College, Pa., winning the 50-meter backstroke, 100-meter breaststroke, 50-meter butterfly, 400-meter freestyle, 1,500 free, and 200 IM.

# 19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

**ENERGY VS. THE ENVIRONMENT (CONT.)**

Sir:

"The Rockies May Crumble . ." (SCORECARD, July 30) is a catchy appraisal of President Carter's synthetic-fuels program, but I suggest that it exaggerates the environmental risks implied. That the Rockies will be leveled is less jest than nonsense.

None but the immature or the professional daredevil deliberately seeks risk, but some risk cannot be avoided. We must move ahead to utilize available resources and proven technology—our coal and nuclear capabilities are present examples. We know more about the hazards of such energy, and how to handle those hazards, than we did about oil when we first began to use that fuel a century ago. But it seems even minimal risk is unacceptable today.

Zealous pursuit of a risk-free society—panic flight from any risk-taking at all—points the way to absurdity. Common sense and reason must prevail. Common sense and reason can provide an environmental and energy balance that puts risk in perspective—that again makes it America's ally rather than America's enemy.

THOMAS A. MURPHY
Chairman
General Motors Corporation
Detroit

Sir:

Your editorial raises serious issues related to the environment and to energy development that were not fully developed in the President's talk. It is useful to be raising these questions now.

The American public must ultimately decide what risks it is willing to accept in achieving any of its goals, including those in the energy realm. Through its elected representatives, the public must insist that adequate safeguards be a part of any program that seeks to speed up energy development. This includes the ultimate safeguard: the rule of law, not of men.

On the other hand, SI makes no mention of the risks involved in having too little energy. Since SI comes at the problem from an essentially middle-class perspective, this is not surprising. Members of the urban middle class would have little difficulty conserving a large part of the energy they now consume so lavishly. The same is not true of the urban poor, whose goals include achieving better standards of living, not stretching what little they have still further. They don't see conservation as the way out of their predicament.

President Carter's 1977 energy message made conservation its keystone. Congress savaged that program, which led in part to the dilemma we now face. His recent message recognized the realities of supply and demand and attempted to deal with them constructively. Congress—and SI—should do the same.

A. DONALD ANDERSON
Manager, Communications Resources
Atlantic Richfield Company
Los Angeles

Sir:

Approximately 245 of my neighbors have had their wells contaminated—perhaps permanently—by toxic chemicals that were dumped in the area some years ago. We New Englanders pride ourselves on the quality of our water. The health hazard to these people is sizable; two of the chemicals, benzene and toluene, are believed to be carcinogenic at certain levels. Without potable water the property value of a home is zero.

The point is, President Carter's emphasis on synthetic fuels drastically threatens the one resource the Western states have precious little of—water. The tremendous quantities of water needed in the fuel-conversion process and the problem of disposing of the sludge and toxic chemical by-products of that process should be of grave concern to all of us.

But of more concern is the President's lack of concern. Without environmental safeguards, our water and our future are in deep trouble. My congratulations to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED for its forthright stand.

CHARLES H. B. ARNING
Lunenburg, Mass.

Sir:

I am from Colorado. My wife is from Wyoming. We now live in Montana. I have traveled extensively in Utah.

Big business and big government had better be ready for a war with the people of the Rocky Mountain region because we will not allow the East and West coasts to sacrifice our states so that they may continue their obscene waste of our precious resources.

THOMAS L. HALL, M.D.
Lame Deer, Mont.

Sir:

You should be commended for pointing out the environmental dangers involved in the new energy policy proposed by President Carter. We have reached a sad state if we are willing to scar much of our most beautiful land and threaten our own health in order to obtain just another finite energy source.

DENNY MAIER
Clarksville, Ind.

**THE AMERICANIZATION OF SOCCER**

Sir:

In regard to J. D. Reed's article, *Tea Party Brewing in the NASL* (Aug. 6), I must agree that, on the whole, American soccer is still not on a par with that played in foreign countries. But I think that Ricky Davis was given far less respect than he deserves in the article. Anyone who watched the Cosmos-Aztecs game played in the Rose Bowl on Aug. 1 saw Davis score two goals, the second one coming on a magnificent scissors kick that Colin Boulton (1.22 goals-against average for the Aztecs) never even saw until it was in the net.

TIM SWEENEY
Sciota, Pa.

Sir:

I think American soccer players like Nick Owcharuk, Ricky Davis, Bobby Smith and Kyle Rote Jr. should be more patient. Without Pelé and other foreign superstars, the NASL would not be where it is today. In the end, the foreign players are the main attraction. Give it some more time, Americans. Our day will come.

BRAD SCHERR
Morris Plains, N.J.

**MOVING MOVIE**

Sir:

After viewing the movie *Breaking Away*, I left the theater mesmerized by the film's beauty and message. Later, during my habitual late-Friday, early-Saturday reading of SI, I was delighted by Frank Deford's review (MOVIES, Aug. 6). Deford captured the essence of the film as perfectly as the film captured the essence of America. Not only should Bobby Knight, Billy Martin, *et al.* see the film, but why not take Deford's suggestion one step further and persuade the networks to show it simultaneously during prime time? The American "Crisis in Confidence" would do an immediate about-face. *Breaking Away* is a tribute to America; Deford's review is a tribute to the film.

J. BART SCOTTEN
Overland Park, Kans.

**BIG LIFT**

Sir:

Terry Todd's article on Larry Pacifico (*Long Lift the King*, Aug. 6) was one of the finest to appear in any magazine on the subject of powerlifting. Because he is a former world champion, Todd brings special insight and understanding to his description of the life and lifting of the King. Having witnessed the lifting of Pacifico, I know that his great strength is exceeded only by his determination and grace under pressure.

ED MILLER
Raleigh, N.C.

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